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THE LUSIAD.

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LUIS DE CAMOENS.

1572.

THE LUSIAD

OF

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

BOOKS I. TO V.

16726

TRANSLATED

By EDWARD QUILLINAN.

WITH NOTES

By JOHN ADAMSON,

K.T.S. and K.C. of Portugal; Corresp. Memb. Roy. Acad. of Sciences of Lisbon; F.L.S., F.R.G.S., &c. &c. &c.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.
1853.

86921
cam/Lus
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LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

TO

THE SENHOR JOSÉ GOMES MONTEIRO.

—♦—

MY DEAR SIR,

During the last years of the life of our mutual and lamented friend Mr. Quillinan, I was in communication with him, both personally and by correspondence, with respect to the publication of his translation of part of the Lusiad of Camoëns; in which part are comprised the two finest passages in the poem—the story of the unfortunate Dona Ignez de Castro, and the vision at the Cape of Good Hope.

This work he expressed his intention of dedicating jointly to you and to me. To you he

considered himself greatly obliged by various explanations as to particular passages; to me, for the use of my almost unrivalled collection of editions, translations, and books, relating to our favourite author; and to both, as being the only two persons from whom he had sought for aid: and also from our appearing before the public in immediate connection with the poet; alluding to your having been the editor, along with the Senhor Barreto Feio, of the best, or at all events the best punctuated, edition of the works of Camoëns; and to my being his biographer.

The manuscript having been entrusted to me, I think I shall best fulfil the intention of the translator by placing your name at the commencement, and my own at the end of this brief notice.

It is a source of deep regret that our friend was summoned from his earthly career without having had the superintendence of the printing of his work, and without having given his last

supervision to the versification. We may therefore venture to hope that the publication will escape any sévere degree of criticism.

It was the intention of Mr. Quillinan to have accompanied his translation with notes, which, from his known zeal, and the access he had had to the most ample stores of information, would doubtless have been a valuable appendage. In some measure to meet the loss occasioned by their absence, I have hastily prepared some annotations, which I hope may be found useful to the general reader: as explaining the modern names of the places mentioned, and some of the classical personages who appear in the poem.

I know that I shall be carrying out part of Mr. Quillinan's plan by subjoining as accurate a list as I am able of the various editions of the works of Camoëns, and of the translations of them, nearly the whole of which are in my own collection. I do so more particularly, as it affords me the opportunity of expressing my

readiness to allow of their inspection by any future authors, who may employ themselves in illustrating the works, or eulogising the genius, of the Portuguese bard.

I am, my dear Sir,

With much esteem,

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN ADAMSON.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE,
March 9th, 1853.

EDITIONS OF THE WORKS

OF

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

*Those marked with a * in the first column are in Mr. Adamson's Collection.*

	Obras, or Works.	Lusiada.	Rimas.	Comedias.	Date.	Size.	Place where Printed.	Printers' Name.
*	..	*	..	..	1572	4to.	Lisbon .	Antonio Gõçalvez.
*	..	*	..	..	1572	4to.	Lisbon .	Antonio Gõçalvez.
*	..	*	..	..	1584	8vo.	Lisbon † .	Manoel de Lyra.
				*	1587		‡	
	..	*	..	..	1591	8vo.	Lisbon .	Manoel de Lyra.
*	..	..	*	..	1595	4to.	Lisbon .	Manoel de Lyra.
*	..	*	..	..	1597	4to.	Lisbon .	Manoel de Lyra.
*	..	..	*	..	1598	4to.	Lisbon .	Pedro Crasbeeck.
			*	..	1601	4to.	Lisbon § .	
*	..	..	*	..	1607	4to.	Lisbon ‖ .	Pedro Crasbeeck.
*	..	..	*	..	1607			
*	..	*	..	..	1609	4to.	Lisbon .	Pedro Crasbeeck.
*	..	*	..	..	1612	4to.	Lisbon .	Vicente Alvarez.
*	..	*	..	..	1613	4to.	Lisbon .	Pedro Crasbeeck.
*	..	..	*	..	1614	4to.	Lisbon .	Vicente Alvarez.
				*	1615	4to.	Lisbon .	Vicente Alvarez.
			*	..	1616	4to.	Lisbon .	Pedro Crasbeeck.
		*	..	..	1620	32mo.	¶	

† First Edition, with Commentary, very rare. ‡ Doubtful—supposed Lisbon.
§ This edition is very doubtful. ‖ Different woodcut in the Title-pages.
¶ Mentioned by Machado.

	Obras, or Works.	Ludada.	Rimas.	Comedias.	Date.	Size.	Place where Printed.	Printers' Name.
			*	..	1621	4to.	Lisbon .	Antonio Alvarez.
*	..	..	*	..	1623	32mo.	Lisbon .	Lourenço Craesbeeck.
*	..	*	..	..	1626	32mo.	Lisbon .	Pedro Craesbeeck.
*	..	..	*	..	1629	32mo.	Lisbon .	Pedro Craesbeeck.
*	..	*	..	..	1631	32mo.	Lisbon .	Pedro Craesbeeck.
*	..	*	..	..	1633	32mo.	Lisbon .	Lourenço Craesbeeck.
*	..	*	..	..	1639	folio	Madrid .	Juan Sanchez.
*	..	*	..	..	1644	32mo.	Lisbon .	Paulo Craesbeeck.
*	..	..	*	..	1645	24mo.	Lisbon .	Pedro Craesbeeck.
		*	..	..	1651	24mo.	Lisbon .	Pedro Craesbeeck.
			*	..	1651	24mo.	Lisbon .	Pedro Craesbeeck.
*	..	*	..	..	1663	12mo.	Lisbon .	Lourenço Craesbeeck.
*	..	..	*	..	1663	12mo.	Lisbon .	Lourenço Craesbeeck.
			*	..	1666	4to.	Lisbon .	Antonio Craesbeeck de Mello.
*	..	*	..	..	1669	4to.	Lisbon .	Antonio Craesbeeck de Mello.
*	..	..	*	..	1669	4to.	Lisbon .	Antonio Craesbeeck de Mello.
*	*	..	..	..	1669	4to.	Lisbon .	Antonio Craesbeeck de Mello.
*	..	*	..	..	1670	12mo.	Lisbon .	Antonio Craesbeeck de Mello.
*	..	..	*	..	1670	12mo.	Lisbon .	Antonio Craesbeeck de Mello.
*	..	..	*	..	1685 1689	folio	Lisbon .	Theotonio Damaso de Mello.
		*	..	..	1702	..	Lisbon .	Manoel Lopes Ferreyra.
*	*	..	..	..	1720	..	Lisbon .	Joseph Lopes Ferreyra.
*	..	*	..	..	1721	12mo.	Lisbon .	Officina Ferreyriana.
*	..	..	*	..	1721	12mo.	Lisbon .	Officina Ferreyriana.
*	..	*	..	..	1731 1732	4to.	Naples and Rome.	Officina Parriniana and Officina de Antonio Rossi.
		*	..	..	1749	..	Lisbon .	Manoel Coelho Amado.
*	*	..	..	..	1759	12mo.	Paris .	Franc. Ambros. Didot.
*	*	..	..	..	1772	12mo.	Lisbon .	Miguel Rodriguez.
*	*	..	..	..	1779 1780	8vo.	Lisbon .	Officina Luisiana.

	Obras, or Works.	Lusiada.	Rimas.	Comedias.	Date.	Size.	Place where Printed.	Printers' Name.
*	*	..	..	..	1782 1783	8vo.	Lisbon .	Simaõ Thaddeo Ferreira.
*	..	*	..	..	1800	18mo.	Coimbra .	Imprensa da Universidada.
*	..	*	..	..	1805	18mo.	Lisbon .	Na Typografia Lacerdina.
		*?	..	..	1808	..	. ? .	J. E. Hetzig.
*	*	..	..	..	1815	12mo.	Paris .	P. Didot, Sen.
		*	..	..	1817	4to.	Paris .	Firmin Didot.
*	..	*	..	..	1818	12mo.	Avignon .	Francisco Seguin.
*	..	*	..	..	1819	8vo.	Paris .	Firmin Didot.
		*	..	..	1820	..	Paris .	S. Smith.
*	..	*	..	..	1821	12mo.	Rio de Janeiro	P. C. Dalbin & Co.
*	..	*	..	..	1823	18mo.	Paris .	J. P. Aillaud.
		*	..	..	1827	..	Lisbon .	Na Imprensa Regia.
		*	..	..	1834	..	Hamburgh	Langhott.
		*	..	..	1836	8vo.	Lisbon .	Na Typografia Rollandiana.
		*	..	..	1836	8vo.	Paris .	J. P. Aillaud.
		*	..	..	1841	12mo.	Rio de Janeiro	Typografia de Laemmert.
		*	..	..	1842	12mo.	Lisbon .	Na Typografia R. Rollandiana.
*	..	*	..	..	1843	12mo.	Lisbon .	Na Typografia R. Rollandiana.
*	*	*	..	..	1843	8vo.	Lisbon * .	Livraria Europea de Baudry, Paris.
*	..	*	..	..	1846	12mo.	Paris .	Livraria Europea de Baudry.
		*	..	..	1847	12mo.	Paris .	Firmin Didot.

* This edition is that which was edited by the Senhors Feio and Monteiro. It appeared in Hamburgh, but Monsieur Baudry having purchased a large proportion of the copies, had new title-pages printed, showing the work as published in Lisbon, and that it might be had at his establishment in Paris.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE LUSIAD.

	Language.	Name of Translator.	Where published.	Date.	Size.
*	Latin	D. fr. Thomas de Faria .	Lisbon . .	1622	8vo.
*	Spanish	Benito Caldera .	Alcala de Henares	1580	4to.
*	Spanish	Luys Gomez de Tapia .	Madrid . .	1580	4to.
*	Spanish	Henrique Garces .	Madrid . .	1591	4to.
*	Spanish	Don Lamberto Gill .	Madrid . .	1818	8vo.
*	Italian	Carlo Antonio Paggi .	Lisbon . .	1658	12mo.
*	Italian	Carlo Antonio Paggi .	Lisbon . .	1659	12mo.
*	Italian	Anonymous . .	Turin . .	1712	12mo.
*	Italian	Antonio Nervi . .	Genoa . . .	1814	8vo.
*	Italian	Antonio Nervi . .	Genoa . .	1821	8vo.
*	Italian	A. Briccolani . .	Paris . .	1826	18mo.
*	French	Duperron de Castera .	Paris . .	1735	12mo.
* †	French	S. Gaubier de Barrault .	Lisbon . .	1772	4to.
*	French	D'Hermilly & La Harpe	Paris . .	1776	8vo.
*	French	J. B. J. Millié . .	Paris . . .	1825	8vo.
*	French	Fournier et Desaules .	Paris . .	1841	8vo.
*	German	F. A. Kuhn & C. T. Winkler	Leipsic . .	1807	8vo.
*	German	Dr. C. C. Heise . .	Hamburgh .	1808	12mo.
* ‡	German	Anonymous . .	Hamburgh . .	.	18mo.
*	German	J. J. C. Donner . .	Stuttgard .	1823	8vo.
*	Danish	H. V. Lundbye . .	Copenhagen .	1828	8vo.
	Swedish	Vils Loven . . .	Stockholm .	1839	12mo.
*	English	Sir Richard Fanshaw .	London . .	1655	folio.
* §	English	William Julius Mickle .	London & Oxford	1776	4to.
*	English	Thomas M. Musgrave .	London . .	1826	8vo.
* ‖	English	Lord Strangford . .	London , .	1805	8vo.

The whole of the above translations, except the Swedish, are in the collection of Mr. Adamson. There are also several translations of portions of "The Lusiad," and of the smaller poems, both in French and English; and in English are translations by Lord Strangford, Mr. Hayley, Mr. Southey, Mrs. Hemans, Mr. Adamson, and others, of some of the Rimas, principally of Sonnets.

† Only part. ‡ Only one Canto. § Many subsequent editions. ‖ Only specimen.

SONNET, ADDRESSED TO VASCO DA GAMA BY TASSO.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

—✦—

Vasco, whose bold and happy bowsprit bore
Against the rising morn; and homeward fraught,
Whose sails came westward with the day, and brought
The wealth of India to thy native shore;
Ne'er did the Greek such length of seas explore,
The Greek who sorrow to the Cyclops wrought;
And he who, victor, with the harpies fought,
Never such pomp of naval honours wore.
Great as thou art, and peerless in renown,
Yet thou to Camoens ow'st thy noblest fame;
Farther than thou didst sail, his deathless song
Shall bear the dazzling splendour of thy name;
And under many a sky thy actions crown,
While time and fame together glide along.

CORRECTIONS.

Canto I., Stanza VII., *for* "Emalthian" *read* "Emathian."
,, Stanzas XCIX. and C., *for* "Quitoa" *read* "Quiloa."
Canto V., Stanza LIX., *for* "Thetir" *read* "Thetis."

THE LUSIAD.

THE LUSIAD.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

Arms, and the men heroic of the West,
Who from their native Lusitanian shore,
By seas till then unnavigated prest
Evën beyond Taprobanè, and more
Than seem'd of human force the hardest test,
Through wars and perils resolutely bore,
Raised a new empire in a distant clime,
And crown'd it with a glory all sublime.

II.

These, and the kings of memory dear to fame,
Who, widening out dominion, spread the Faith,
Afflicted Afric as a chastening flame,
And Asia, rank with the idolater's breath—
And many a warrior who redeem'd his name
By deeds of prowess from the law of death—
These shall my song proclaim in every part,
If Genius aid me, and melodious Art.

III.

Let wonder cease at voyages of old
By the wise Greek and by the Trojan made;
Let Ammon's son and Trajan cease to hold
The palm for eastern victories display'd:
I sing the illustrious Lusian heart so bold,
Whom Neptune's self and stubborn Mars obey'd.
Hush'd be all praise that ancient Muses sing,
For later valour soars on stronger wing!

IV.

And you, O nymphs of Tagus, ever dear,
As this new ardour in my soul ye raise,—
If still 'twas my delight from year to year,
In lowly verse to sing your river's praise,
A style now give me, stately, flowing, clear,
A voice which shall be heard in after-days;
For so may Phœbus graciously ordain
That Tagus shall not envy Hippocrène.

V.

Give me that frenzy, give the passionate tone,
Not of agrarian reed or pastoral cane;
But of the trumpet by the warrior blown,
That kindles up the heart and thrills the brain.
Teach me a pean worthy of your own
Famed people—Mars-befriended; such a strain
As through the world shall spread, resounded long,
If worth so great can be comprised in song.

VI.

And thou, O timely born, the pledge secured
For ancient Lusitanian liberty;
Nor less to Christendom the hope assured
Of wider range and ampler boundary!
Thou, O new terror to the Paynim sword,
The wonder-fated of our age to be;
Unto the world by God, the All-ruler given,
To win large portion of the world for Heaven!

VII.

Young tender scion of a tree more blest,
In the dear love of the Redeemer mild,
Than all that ever flourish'd in the West,
Whether most Christian or Imperial styled!
Behold the proof upon thy shield imprest,
A victory past it shows thee, royal child;
A day whereon He gave thine ancestor
For arms the same that on the Cross He bore.

VIII.

Thou, powerful King, whose empire vast the sun
When dawning on the world the first descries,
And still surveys when half his course is run,
And leaves the last when he forsakes the skies:
Thou, as we trust, the yoke that shall anon
The false and stubborn Ishmaelite chastise,
And oriental Moslem, and the heathen brood
That drink the water of the sacred flood!

IX.

Hither awhile the majesty incline
Which on that infant face I recognise;
Already showing how at last 'twill shine,
When to the eternal Temple thou shalt rise:
Cast here below a kingly look benign:
A new example here shall greet thine eyes
Of patriot love by Lusian glory fired,
Divulged in numbers by that love inspired.

X.

A love of country, on no sordid aim
Intent, but on a high immortal hope:
To be the poet of my country's fame,
Is no ambition of a vulgar scope.
Thou, their supernal lord, thy hero's name
Shalt hear resounded to the starry cope;
And judge if 'twere a loftier pride of place
To rule the world or govern such a race.

XI.

Attend! and thou in their applause shalt hear
No vain exploits, fantastic, false, or feign'd,
Such as strange Muses have devised to cheer
Their own delight in fancies over-strain'd.
Thy people's deeds, enroll'd by Truth severe,
Excel the fables, in those lays contain'd,
Of Rodomonte and Rugero too,
And Roland, even if his feats were true.

XII.

Fierce Nuño, champion of the throne and state,
For them I give, and Fuas and Moñiz:
The Three with honour due to celebrate,
Oh for the harp of old Mæonides!
The Peers of Charles, Magricio's more than mate,
The Twelve of England tilting o'er the seas.
Illustrious Gama too is ours; a name
That robs the wandering Trojan of his fame.

XIII.

And if for Charles himself, the boast of France,
Or e'en for Cæsar, thou demand a peer,—
Behold the first Affonso, by whose lance
Obscured all foreign glories disappear;
And John who work'd his realm's deliverance,
And left the challenged land from insult clear;
A second John, the unconquer'd royal Lord;
The fourth and fifth Affonso, and the third.

XIV.

Nor unremember'd shall my numbers leave
Those chiefs, the heroes of stupendous wars,
Who yonder led thy victor-flag to wave
Triumphant on Aurora's palmy shores:
Pacheco, the romantically brave;
The Almèidas, whom their Tagus yet deplores;
Dread Albuquerque, and Castro firm and wise;
And more, whose name the power of death defies.

XV.

And while of these, and not of Thee, I sing,
Because I dare not to that height aspire,
Assume the reins, and thou wilt give, O King,
A fresh and nobler impulse to the lyre—
That all the world with thy renown may ring,
And fear to rouse the spirit they admire,
Let Afric shores and Asian waters feel
The weight of armies and the shock of steel.

XVI.

The daunted Paynim contemplating Thee,
Beholds his ruin figured at this hour;
The barbarous Gentile hopeless bends the knee,
And yields his neck unto the yoke of power.
All her cerulean majesty of sea
Tethys holds ready for thy spousal dower:
For with thy fair and tender beauty won,
She fain would win thee thus to be her son.

XVII.

On Thee, from their ethereal dwelling-place,
The Spirits of thy Grandsires—famed below,
One for a golden reign of sacred peace,
And one for strenuous wars with many a foe,—
Look down as on a mirror where the grace
Of their own worth already seems to glow:
And yonder, in the eternal fane, they wait
To give thee welcome at a distant date.

XVIII.

But while the time to' inaugurate thy sway
For a desiring nation comes too slow,
Grace with thy smile this new heroic lay;
Be thine the daring numbers as they flow.
And thou shalt see, cleaving the silvery spray,
Thine Argonauts afar; that they may know
Their king beholds them struggling with the sea,
Inure thyself betimes invoked to be.——

XIX.

Lo! where their prows explore the watery vast,
Shouldering aside the billows on their course,
The winds breathe gently o'er the heaving waste
And fill the concave sails with easy force:
The rippling keels, a trail of foam have traced,
In bubbles dancing on the waters hoarse,
As thus the' Armada cleaves the sacred tide
Where roam the flocks of Proteus far and wide.

XX.

And now the Gods to that bright court on high
Whence human fortunes take their various sway,
Repair to weigh in solemn colloquy
The' eventful future of the realms of day.
From various points to one, the crystal sky
They cross, and jointly thrid, the milky way;
Assembled, at the Thunderer's command,
By Maia's son who bears the charmëd wand.

XXI.

They quit the seven celestial regencies
Which to their charge a Power superior gave,
Transcendent Power that with a thought applies
Rule over heaven and earth and angry wave.
At once, as quickly as a moment flies,
Come those who reign where snowy tempests rave,
Those that in Auster dwell, or where the Sun
Upsprings, or where his golden race is won.

XXII.

Sublimē o'er all, and worthy of his state,
The wielder of the thunderbolt was seen;
Upon a throne of stars the Father sate,
Superb, severe, and sovereign his mien:
Breathing an air divine that might create
Life out of death, immortal of terrene.
His crown and sceptre blazed with gems unknown,
Of purer water than the diamond stone.

XXIII.

On glittering seats with pearl and gold inlaid,
But station'd lower than the throne of Jove,
The summon'd Deities were all array'd,
As rule and reason equally approve;
With due regard to age and honour paid,
The young below, the elder Gods above;
When thus the Sire address'd them, and he spake
With such a voice as made Olympus shake:—

XXIV.

"Eternal denizens of boundless space,
Who dwell in starry altitudes supreme,
If the proud courage of this ancient race
Ye have not lost as a forgotten dream,
The will of Fate ye surely may retrace
Pronounced on their audacity extreme,
That they should sink beneath their greater glory
Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman story.

XXV.

"To them, as you beheld, 'twas given of yore
To wrest by force of hand, though unallied
And few in number, from the potent Moor
The land where Tejo's pleasant waters glide.
Then too against the fear'd Castilian's power
Celestial grace was ever on their side;
So that, in short, from every field they brought
The pendent trophies of a day well fought.

XXVI.

"I speak not, Gods! of that more ancient fame
The men of Romulus were forced to yield,
When Viriatus raised a patriot flame
That scorch'd the Roman laurel in the field;
Nor of the time that lifts them to a name
When to a Roman exile they appeal'd,
And chose him leader, who with spirit fine
Feign'd in the Doe a counsellor divine.

XXVII.

"Behold them now, embark'd on doubtful seas,
Intent on loftier aim, they brave the tide
In fragile planks o'er never-tempted ways,
The Southern gale and Lybian gust defied.
For, long with climes familiar where the days
Contract or lengthen as the Seasons guide,
They now persist to know where light is born,
And view the very cradle of the morn.

XXVIII.

"Pledged is the word of Fate, whose high decree,
Irrevocably past, no power may shake,
That they shall long be masters of the Sea
Which first beholds the purple dawn awake.
Toil-worn they come, and perishing they be
From winter on the harsh Atlantic Lake,
And good it seems that they should now be shown
The new domain predestined for their own.

XXIX.

"And after all the dangers they have past,
As ye have witness'd on their great emprise;
So many struggles with the surge and blast,
Such hard vicissitudes of climes and skies;
The much-enduring men shall find at last,
Such is my will, a harbour and allies
On yonder Ethiop coast, renew their force,
And then resume their long laborious course."

XXX.

So spake the sovereign Arbiter of heaven:
The Gods by turn responded, in debate
One with another, reasons diverse given.
Obdurate Bacchus, ev'n with Jove and Fate,
Blind with a jealous fury, would have striven,
Because he knew that from the dreaded date
When Lusian ships should reach an Indian shore,
His eastern triumphs would be told no more.

XXXI.

Over the ocean-flood would come, he knew,
A martial race of Spain, by Fate foreshown,
And all that Doris laves of Ind, subdue,
And raise on Orient shores a Western throne;
And by their victories then should conquer too,
All former glory, foreign or their own.
Deep were his grief to lose the fame revered
Ev'n yet in Nysa where his youth was rear'd.

XXXII.

Since first he stood, a victor bright and young,
On Indus' banks, nor Chance nor Fate impugn'd
His right as India's conqueror to be sung
By them, whose lips to melody were tuned
At the live fount of Castaly: but flung
Aside, in dull oblivious waters drown'd,
Will be his name, he fears, if yonder band,
Afloat, gain footing on an Orient strand.

XXXIII.

Against him Venus for the Lusians stood:
A race she cherish'd for the stamp they bore
Of those old Romans of the Dardan blood,
Whose heart in these appear'd to beat once more;
For their bright star in Afric too, that glow'd
Like Scipio's, fatal to the Punic shore;
And for their speech; so like the Latin tongue,
The kindred music to her fancy clung.

XXXIV.

By these regards is Cytherèa led,
And more because she knows the Fates ordain
That wheresoe'er the warlike people spread,
There Venus shall have worship and a fane.
Thus, one for menaced dignity in dread,
Another, for the honour she would gain,
Each in debate as stubbornly contends,
And both have aiding voices in their friends.

XXXV.

As when the fierce south-wind, or bleaker north,
Has burst into the thickest of a wood,
And rushing on, to force a passage forth
Behind him leaves a prostrate forest strew'd,
And drives before him with a madman's mirth
The foliage flying by his roar pursued,
From top to base the sylvan mountain quakes—
So great a tumult now Olympus shakes.

XXXVI.

But Mars, in whom the radiant Goddess found
Among them all her firmest advocate,
Incited by his former love, or bound
To serve the Lusians for their worth innate,
With melancholy aspect, glancing round,
Amidst the stormy synod rose irate.
His ponderous breast-plate he behind him flung,
As if too near a swelling heart it hung.

XXXVII.

The visor up, his diamond helmet lent
A fearful lustre to his face. Before
The throne of Jove he stood, as one who meant
Plain speech and fearless, and, if need were, more.
Ere yet he spoke, his lance he grasp'd and sent
The haft down clanging on the crystal floor.
Heaven trembled, and the startled Sun turn'd pale,
And seem'd a moment of his light to fail.

XXXVIII.

And thus spoke Mars: "O Sire, in love or fear,
All things created must thy will obey;
Those brave men seek another hemisphere,
As by thyself appointed—And shall they
Whose worth and valour thou hast held so dear,
Now suffer wrong opprobrious on the way?
Attend no more, O Judge, as thou art just,
To one whose pleas but serve his own mistrust.

XXXIX.

"For were not reason master'd by excess
Of jealous fear, the Father of the Vine
Should be the last their fortunes to depress:
The friend of Lusus should support his line,
But, for his present heat,—nor more nor less
Than peevish spleen that prompts an ill design—
Why, let it pass. Virtue will have its meed,
Though Envy grudge the good by heaven decreed.

XL.

"And Thou, O Sire! in whom the fixëd mind
Should dwell as in a tower of strength unshaken,
Thy will declared maintain; the weak or blind
Of purpose, leave the thing begun forsaken.
Thy herald, Mercury, by whom the wind
And volant arrow are with ease o'ertaken,
Will guide the Lusian to some harbour near,
Where he may rest, and news of India hear."

XLI.

Thus cogent Mars. The Sovereign Father nods
Assent, and sheds on all the sacred dew.
Silent, along the Lacteal path, the Gods—
At once arising—by the starry clew
Directed, to their own serene abodes
Depart, their several functions to renew,
After due reverence made before the throne
Of Him who sits supernal and alone.

XLII.

As thus in Jove's ethereal domicile,
Of high debate is prosperous issue won.
The martial people on the seas the while
Up from the south, and eastward bearing, run
Betwixt that Ethiop coast and famous Isle
Of Madagascar, at what time the sun
Inflames the starry twain who took the shape
Of fishes, dread Typhœus to escape.

XLIII.

The wind so gently wafted them along,
It seem'd to know that heaven was now their friend;
Serene the air, no cloud above them hung,
Nor sign around that danger might portend.
On Ethiop's coast—a name when earth was young—
The Cape of Prassus smoothly clear'd, they wend,
Till now the sea reveals new isles, a group
Enlink'd and fondled in its wavy loop.

XLIV.

No cause perceived for tarriance, even brief,
On shores that show'd no trace of human kind,
Vasco da Gama, the high-hearted chief—
A man by nature for command design'd,
True to his aim, alike in joy or grief,
And loved by Fortune for his constant mind—
Right onward would have held, but here the' event
Cross'd his surmise, and baffled his intent.

XLV.

For lo! from yonder islet within hail
Of the main-land, to which it nearest lies,
A sudden fleet of boats with crowded sail
Comes skimming the long seas! In glad surprise,
As if for joy all other senses fail
But sight, the people gaze with asking eyes:
"What men are these?" they rather muse than say,
"What rites, what laws, what ruler follow they?"

XLVI.

Those skiffs for speed were fashion'd long and slight,
Sharp-beak'd and narrow, delicate to steer,
The sails of palm-tree leaves were firm and light,
So firmly matted was that simple gear.
The strangers' skin was of the hue of night
Bequeath'd by Phaëton, the charioteer,
With more of courage than of wit endued,
As Padus knows, and Lampethusa rued.

XLVII.

The cotton down supplies the garb they wear,
Of various colours, white and listed, borne
Loose from the shoulder with a flaunting air;
Or at the girdle tied, succinctly worn,
While all above from waist to brow is bare,
And this the turban's artful folds adorn:
For arms they carried scimitar and shield,
And o'er the waves their clamorous trumpets peal'd.

XLVIII.

Extended arms and flutter'd robes invite
The Lusitanian people to delay:
But these have tack'd already, bearing right
Toward the Isles, to anchor in the bay;
The joyous seamen toil with all their might
As if their labours are to end to day.
They slacken sail; they strike the topsails; dash
The anchors go, the wounded waves up-flash.

XLIX.

Ere yet the forkèd iron finds its bed
The strangers by the cordage nimbly climb;
Their joyful faces speak them free of dread,
And kind their welcome from the Chief sublime;
Who straight commands the tables to be spread,
And juice Lyëan of the Lusian clime,
In crystal goblets served: the ruby draught
With right good will the scorcht of Phaeton quaff'd.

L.

Regaling merrily, their hosts they plied
In Arab speech with questions whence they came,
What seas had traversed and what coasts descried,
Their name, their country, and their final aim?
The gallant Lusitanians nothing hide
Yet in a form discreet their answers frame:—
"From shores far west, from Portugal our home,
In search of Oriental shores we roam.

LI.

"And all the length of Afric we have run,
Seen many a land and weather'd many a sky,
The northern star beheld our course begun,
Now stars antarctic watch us from on high:
And nought that tries our loyalty we shun,
To serve a King for whom we live or die;
Content for him to range the billowy vast,
Or pass the Lake that can but once be past.

LII.

"By his command our devious way we feel,
Seeking the land that Indus irrigates;
For him we wander where till now the seal
Has known no voyagers but his uncouth mates.
But reason bids that you in turn reveal,
If truth among you as a virtue rates,
What men ye be, and what the shores around,
And whether trace of India here be found?"

LIII.

"Aliens are we!"—one from the Isle replied—
"Aliens by country, origin and creed.
The natives of these isles, of sense devoid
As nature made them, law nor reason heed.
But we are true believers; we confide
In that pure Faith, that takes of all the lead;
The Faith by Abram's famed descendant taught,
Whom Pagan sire of Hebrew wife begot.

LIV.

"This island where we sojourn, though but small,
Allures the wandering traffic of the coast;
For every trading town a port of call:
Quilóa, Sófala, Mombassa most:
So here for lucre—hardly gain'd withal,
But patient thrift endures a churlish host—
We dwell with those who call the island theirs,
And Mozambiquè is the name it bears.

LV.

"But you, who tempt so far the brawling tide,
Indus, Hydaspes, and the shores of spice
Demanding, here will find a willing guide
Your course to regulate with skill precise.
'Tis opportune too that we here provide
Whatever succours for your store suffice;
And that our Regent see you, and give heed
How best to aid you to what most you need!"

LVI.

This said, the Moor and all the swarthy crew
Betook them to their slender boats again;
With all the courtesies for kindness due,
From Gama parting and his gallant men:
And Phœbus now beneath the waters blue
Had veil'd the glory of his crystal wain;
Charge to his sister given to watch the night,
And while he slumber'd soothe the world with light.

LVII.

In joy unwonted in the weary fleet,
Joy quicken'd by surprise, the night was past;
Of that far land for which so long they beat
They now had lighted on the trace at last!
About these strangers too, perplex'd conceit
Was busy, musing on their manners, cast,
And creed, and wondering how a faith so blind
Beguiled and led such myriads of mankind.

LVIII.

The moon's clear radiance falls in silver showers
Resplendent on the surface of the deep;
The firmament is like a field of flowers,
The stars to-night so throng'd a vigil keep;
The winds, disarm'd of their unruly powers,
Down in their caves profound are lock'd in sleep,
Yet not the less the Armada's people share
Alternate watch, their long accustom'd care.

LIX.

But soon as Morn with kindling blush was seen,
Her tresses all dispread and bright with dew,
Opening the purple gates of heaven serene
To let Hyperion, just awaken'd, through;
Their decks with festal awnings then to screen
And dress their masts with flags, began the crew,
Preparing for a welcome guest at hand,
The coming Regent of the sea-girt land.

LX.

Who joyfully advanced, with press of sail,
To view the buoyant armament, and brought
Fresh fruits, the island produce, to regale
These of the race inhuman as he thought
That made the nations Asiatic quail,
When bursting from their Caspian bounds, they wrought
Portentous change, crushing by will Divine,
The reverend empery of Constantine.

LXI.

The Chief received on deck with smiles benign
The Moor, and all who served him for escort,
And gave him gaudy silks of tissue fine,
For such foreseen occasion stored apart;
And set before him sweet conserves and wine,
The fervour that exhilarates the heart.
The silken gift well pleased him, but the zest
Of juice forbidden pleased the Moslem best.

LXII.

Aloft, the Lusitanian people mann'd
The yards, and in the shrouds admiring hung,
Noting the manners of the sable band
And barbarous jargon of their Caffre tongue.
As much perplex'd, the subtle Moslem scann'd
Their garb, their colour, their Armada strong,
And ask'd, suspicion in his mind at work,
If they were subjects of the Sultan Turk.

LXIII.

Demands he too their sacred books to see;
Their code of faith, of precept, or of law,
That he may know if it with his agree,
Or if—for that way his conjectures draw—
They trust in Him who died upon the tree.
And not more shrewd in marking all he saw
Than keen that nothing should escape his sight,
He fain would view the arms they use in fight.

LXIV.

By one well skill'd in the dark tongue, the Chief
Of steadfast soul replied: "Illustrious sir,
Of what I am, suffice relation brief,
And what the faith I hold, the arms I bear.
Of Hagar's race I share not the belief,
Nor mine the spurious blood derived from her:
In fair and warlike Europe was I born,
I seek the famous kingdoms of the morn.

LXV.

"I hold the faith prescribed by Him who reigns
Over all visible and invisible things;
Who made the world, and all that it contains
Insensible or sentient; bore the stings
Of calumny and scorn, endured the pains
Of unjust death by barbarous sufferings;
Who, in a word, by Heaven to earth was given
To raise the mortals of the earth to heaven.

LXVI.

"Of this Man-God, Most High, and Infinite,
The holy books thou hast desired to see
I carry not, nor need on paper write
The law that graven in the soul should be.
But for the arms wherewith our scores we quit
With foes, we hide them not from friends; to thee
As to a friend we show them, for I know
Thou ne'er wouldst test their temper as a foe."

LXVII.

Thus saying, them who the command await
He bids the various gear of war disclose,
Trunk-harness, habergeons, and coats of plate,
Fine mail entwined, or scaled in artful rows,
And shields with diverse blazonry ornate;
Spingards of season'd metal, balls, cross-bows,
Quivers with arrows stored of point minute,
Curt-handled pikes, and partisans acute;

LXVIII.

And, charged with fiery-seed, the hollow spheres,
Grenades and shells that burst in ruin blind;
But suffers not the Chief his bombardiers
To rouse the latent thunder; for the mind
Generous as brave solicits not the fears
Of men like these, a weak untutor'd kind,
With vain ostent of rage,—the triumph cheap
Of power that plays the lion among sheep.

LXIX.

But from the light the Moslem here obtain'd,
And after all he saw with eye attent,
A settled hatred in his soul remain'd,
An evil will on evil purpose bent ;
Which not a gesture nor a look explain'd,
For with a smiling gay allure he meant
To treat them blandly, and his hour await
To show the force and meaning of his hate.

LXX.

Pilots to lead him to an Indian port
Requests the Lusitanian of the Moor,
Vowing to pay their toil in such a sort
They shall not think the recompense is poor.
The Sheik in promise grants them, while his heart
Teems with such venom, were the means but sure,
Death would he send him, nor the blow delay ;
Instead of pilots, death that very day.

LXXI.

Such was the malice, sudden in its growth,
Conceived against the strangers when he knew
That they were followers of the blessed truth
As taught by Christ, the one preceptor true.
O secrets of eternity !—in sooth
Too high for human judgment to pursue,
There never fails, intent on treacherous ends,
Some lurking foe to those whom Heaven befriends.

LXXII.

With all the grace of an impostor gay,
A very master of insidious arts,
And farewell smiles for all he would betray,
At last the Moslem with his train departs:
Right for the landing,—brief the frothy way,—
Boat after boat across the channel darts;
A crowd obsequious greets him on the strand,
And thence he hastens to his home at hand.

LXXIII.

The mighty Theban god (to birth matured
In Jove's paternal thigh) from heaven's clear height
Observing how the Moor but ill endured
The Lusian presence, hateful to his sight,
Revolved a flattering project, that assured
The ruin of the fleet, in fate's despite:
And by that haunting passion importuned,
Thus with himself he sullenly communed:—

LXXIV.

"Fate has decreed that there shall come a time
When these shall triumph in the realms of day,
When all the warlike tribes of India's clime
Shall bend to Portugal's victorious sway!
And I alone, Son of the Sire sublime,
With all endowments that my birth display,
I must endure expulsion and disgrace,
That Fate may set her minion in my place!

LXXV.

"Erewhile the gods consented to endow
The son of Philip, on that very field,
With power so great that all were forced to bow
Beneath his yoke by dreadful Mars compell'd.
But is it to be borne that Fate shall now
Give to so few such force and art to wield,
That mine, the Emalthian and the Roman name,
Must shrink abash'd by Lusitanian fame?

LXXVI.

"It shall not be: they never shall arrive
To flaunt their banner by an Indian shore;
So sure as hate can artfully contrive
Some shrewd device this Captain shall secure:
I will to earth descend, and keep alive
Wrath in the bosom of the indignant Moor;
For he who seizes the first chance he may
Takes the sure course, and by the shortest way."

LXXVII.

This said with fury as of one distraught,
Downward he rush'd, alighting at a swoop
On foreland Prassus. There to weave his thought
With surer subtlety and freer scope,
The human feature he assumed, and wrought
The change as best might serve his treacherous hope,
Taking the semblance of a Moorish seer,
Whom Mozambique's prince and tribe revere.

LXXVIII.

And entering thus—and leave obtain'd to speak,
In hour the fittest to infuse his guile—
The strangers he denounces to the Sheik
As rovers cruising in research of spoil,
Whom current fame from every port and creek
Where they have moor'd proclaims as robbers vile;
Whose greed increases as their gains increase,
Though ever anchoring with pretence of peace.

LXXIX.

"And further hear," he said, "what I have heard:
That these blood-thirsty Christians on their course
Have harried all the sea with fire and sword,
And every insolence of lawless force.
No milder fate—their scheme is long prepared
Intend for us these men without remorse;
They come resolved to plunder us and slay,
And bear our wives and children far away.

LXXX.

"And know, too, that to-morrow they will land,
For water, at the earliest glimpse of morn,
The Captain with his people, arms in hand,
For fear is of an evil conscience born.
Lead thou, before the dawn, an armèd band:
Wait them in ambush, let no sound forewarn;
So, unobservant of the snare, shall they
Fall to thy sudden hand, an easy prey.

LXXXI.

"And lest we leave the vengeance incomplete,
Nor all exterminate by this device,
I have revolved the ruin of their fleet;
But yet another snare that may suffice,
Send them a pilot, choose a man discreet,
Daring in craft but in its conduct nice,
By whom misled they shall escape no more,
Wreckt, slain, or captive on some hostile shore."

LXXXII.

Scarce had he ceased, when the delighted Sheik,
Nor young nor dull in crooked wisdom's lore,
His arms threw round the seeming Moslem's neck,
And thank'd him for his counsel o'er and o'er:
Then hasten'd to concert the morn attack
And muster his barbaric throng of war,
That here those rovers of the Ocean-flood
Might, seeking water, find it turn to blood.

LXXXIII.

Nor fail'd he to select, for after need,
A pilot to his mind, a miscreant tried
In mischief, ripe for any evil deed;
One to whose subtle wit he might confide
A task of note. Him he reserves to lead
The fleet, if nearer vengeance it avoid,
To shores beyond, and leave it stranded there,
A broken navy, past the pilot's care.

LXXXIV.

Scarce was the gleam, that tells of day at hand,
Enkindled on the Nabathean mounts,
Da Gama was prepared his crews to land
In quest of water from the island founts:
Against surprise his boats are arm'd and mann'd
As if on treachery foreknown he counts:
Warn'd by the whisper of an instinct wise,
The presage of the heart which never lies.

LXXXV.

Erewhile too, when impatient of delays
He claim'd the promised pilot, more like foes
Than friends the Moors replied in churlish phrase
False to his hope: for this, and for he knows
How he who trusts a foe himself betrays,
Arm'd by his care the chosen service goes,
Though few in number, yet a host in nerve;
Three boats, no more, on this adventure serve.

LXXXVI.

The Moors along the inhospitable strand
To bar them from the wellsprings intervene,
One with his shield on arm, his lance in hand,
Another with strong bow and shaft venene.
Awaiting till the warlike strangers land,
The mass behind the sandhills lurk unseen,
While as a lure, an easy prey, a few
Advancing to the seaboard, court the view.

LXXXVII.

Along the sandy margin of the tide
These sable warriors vapour to and fro,
With lifted shields and threatening spears they chide
And hail them on as if they came too slow.
The generous Lusitanians, thus defied,
Not long permit the dogs their teeth to show:
All leap to land with simultaneous burst,
And none can say that he was there the first.

LXXXVIII.

So in the ensanguined ring the lover gay,
In sight of her whose beauty fires his mind,
Confronts the bull, runs round him, leaps away,
Shouts, hisses, now before him, now behind;
Till all at once, infuriate with the play,
The hornèd brute, eyes closed, and head declined,
Roaring pursues, o'ertakes him at a bound,
Gores, tosses, leaves him dead upon the ground.

LXXXIX.

Then too the ships in voice of thunder call'd;
The tempest of artillery outspoke;
Peal after peal the savage Isle appall'd,
And wandering echoes counted every stroke.
Great fear the spirit of the Moors enthrall'd;
The hissing air, the flash, the peal, the smoke,
Perplex'd their senses: those in ambush fly,
These in the shower of lead and iron die.

XC.

Not yet content, the Portuguese hunt down
The scatter'd ambuscade, and devastate
With shot, and shell, and balls of fire, the town
Of mural fence devoid. The Sheik too late
Bewail'd the challenge he had rashly thrown,
And thought to have redeemed at cheaper rate;
He cursed the war, and him who counsell'd war,
And cursed the mother that the dotard bore.

XCI.

And ever and anon, the Moors in flight
Pause with weak hand that coward haste alarms,
To fling the javelin or to wreak their spite
With sticks and stones; blind fury gives them arms:
The mass abandoning in their affright
All thought but of escape, desert in swarms
The Isle, and struggle for the main terrene,
Across the narrow frith that runs between.

XCII.

Some swim for life, and dash'd by the sea-swells,
Disgorge the brine, and strike with main and might;
Some swim for death; the strangling wave expels
The life that panted for the shore in sight:
More crowd their boats; the mortars ply their shells,
Shattering the thin pangayos of that flight
Of savages: The Lusitanian thus
Deals with a foe malign and treacherous.

XCIII.

In triumph to their ships the victors bear
The prizes of the day, abundant spoils,
And now may freely to the wells repair,
No hostile hand molests their peaceful toils.
The Moor lies writhing in his new-sought lair;
Hate, prisoner in his heart, the fiercer boils;
And vengeful Hope, that dares not walk abroad,
Rests on the second and the safer fraud.

XCIV.

As if repentant then, for peace to treat,
The Sheik of that vile land an envoy sent,
And with him, too, a pilot for the fleet,
A promised boon and pledge of fair intent.
The Lusitanians saw not the deceit
That proffer'd peace when deadlier war was meant;
Nor guess'd the mission of this smiling knave,
A pilot school'd to lead them to the grave.

XCV.

The Chief whom it behove the hour to seize
And bear away once more with zeal untired,
For season opportune and favouring breeze
Invite him eastward to the land desired,
Gave gracious audience to insidious pleas,
And joyful welcome to the guide required;
Dismiss'd the answer'd messenger, and bade
The canvas to the liberal wind be spread.

XCVI.

Thus expedite, on Amphitrite's reign
The brave Armada plies the furrowing prore,
The nymphs of Nereus round their friends again
Disport, companions sweet and blithe and sure.
Da Gama, nought imagining the train
Laid for his prompt destruction by the Moor,
Confers with him at large on all he knows
Of India, and the coasts that interpose.

XCVII.

The dark-brow'd man, made perfect in deceits
By Bacchus, the malevolent of mind,
While in his thought the Lusian lord he cheats
To death or bondage ere his goal he find;
With easy frankness every question meets,
As one familiar with the ports of Ind,
Till all who listen are the dupes of art,
For faithful valour hath a trusting heart.

XCVIII.

With art like that of Sinon when his guile
Deceived the leaguer'd Phrygians to their fate,
He tells the Lusitanians of an Isle
By Christians held from immemorial date:
The chief, all ear for this impostor vile,
Caught at the sound, and with the news elate
An ample largess to the traitor paid,
Demanding thither to be straight convey'd.

XCIX.

Thus on his very predetermined path,
The Christian urged the wily Moslem's course;
For on this Isle dwell none of other faith
Than false Mohammed taught, a race perverse:
And here, the Moor forebodes, intrigue and death
Await the stranger; for its power and force
Out measure the Mozambican; its name
Quitoa, frequent in the mouth of Fame.

C.

So thither for Quitoa's Isle they veer;
But Cytherea, their celestial guard,
Noting how blindly from their course they steer,
To death, that waits to seize them unprepared,
Consents not that her favourite people here
Shall perish, on a barbarous coast ensnared:
And suddenly evokes a furious gale
That drives the squadron past the shore of bale.

CI.

But the malignant Moslem, dispossest
Of one expedient to effect his will,
Moulds yet another in his tortuous breast;
Stanch to his aim and resolute in ill.
He tells that though by wind and current prest
The drifted ships have baffled all his skill,
The chance has brought them near another shore,
The joint abode of Christian and of Moor.

CII.

Here too the slave was false in every word,
And faithful only to his Sheik's command;
The Isle was peopled by a Moslem herd
And not a Christian breathed in all the land.
In frank belief of what the Moor averred,
Da Gama tacked toward the port at hand;
But here the guardian Goddess checked his way,
He missed the bar, and anchor'd in the bay.

CIII.

So near the Isle unto the mainland lay,
Nought but a narrow channel ran between;
Along the shelving margin of the bay
Appeared a city of imposing mien,
A stately range of edifices gay,
Or such they seem'd at flattering distance seen:
Mombassa was the name of Isle and town,
A man of reverend years possess'd the crown.

CIV.

And here arriving, much the Chief rejoiced
At thought that he should presently behold
A class regenerate at the font of Christ,
Of whom the pilot Infidel had told:
When lo, a pomp of boats towards him press'd
To give him greeting from the monarch old,
Already of his guest by one advised,
Who seem'd a Moor; again the Power disguised.

CV.

The message that they bring is from a friend,
The meaning that it hides is from a foe;
How fairest words may darkest aims intend,
The venom underworking soon will show:
O train of cares and perils without end!
O road of life whose pitfalls none can know!
Wherever Hope leads on with surest tread,
Some covered gulf awaits the mortal led.

CVI.

What shocks at sea! What storms around him roar!
The spectre Death, how oft before his eye!
What rage, what strife, what deadlier guile, on shore,
And oh, how much abhorred necessity!
Where shall frail man, though he the world explore,
Find out some nook, some charter'd sanctuary,
Where Heaven will let him live his little term
In peace, nor launch its thunder at a worm!

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

The Star that travels daily to the West,
Developing the hours in order bright,
Had reach'd his humid goal, and secret rest,
The dome subaqueous—where the God of Night
The portal open'd, and the welcome guest
In glided, shrouding from the world his light,
When forth those savage prowlers came to greet
With Libyan faith, the newly anchored fleet.

II.

Among them, one, the main commissioner
Of fawning treachery, that creeps to slay,
Addressed the Chief: "Undaunted voyager!
The first that hither has achieved his way
Across yon ocean-deserts, realm of fear,
And howling tempests hungry for their prey,
Our Island-King, rejoicing, would behold
And serve the champion of a feat so bold.

III.

"And, for his ardour is extreme to greet
A man on whom renown has set its mark,
Within the port he bids thee moor thy fleet,
Nor pause by doubt refrain'd, or caution dark:
And, piteous of the seaman's hard estate,
He grants thy crews free license to debark,
With so long toil enfeebled and distrest,
And urged by nature to solicit rest.

IV.

"And if the golden East thy search entice
For products of the clime, the merchant's lure,
Clove, cinnamon, or other ardent spice,
Or drugs of charm to sooth and power to cure—
Or if thou seek the lucent gems of price,
The flawless ruby and the diamond pure—
All these, abundant here, thy choice invite,
Enough of wealth to surfeit appetite."

V.

For this, the royal word, a worthless pawn,
Responds the trusting Chief in grateful tone,
That now, the sun behind the sea withdrawn,
'Twere rash to navigate a bar unknown;
But that as soon as by the light of dawn
The safe approach shall for the fleet be shown,
Then will he cheerfully to harbour bring
His ships, obedient to the generous King.

VI.

Enquires he then if in the Isle abide
A Christian people, as the pilot told;
The subtle envoy readily replied,
That most who dwell thereon are of the fold
Of Christ: so from his breast he roots aside
Suspicion and the germs of caution cold,
Implanting there securely as he thought,
Trust in a nation false and evil-taught.

VII.

But from a class condemn'd at home for crime,
Reprieved from death, and with the Armada sent
To be adventured, at the Chieftain's time,
Where risk of nobler life were wealth misspent,
Two he selects, in wit and skill the prime,
To test the wily Infidels' intent;
Survey their town, and strength, and face to face
See, whom all yearn to see, that Christian race.

VIII.

By these deputed twain Da Gama sends
Gifts for the King, that his goodwill may hold,
Firm, constant, pure, benign as he pretends—
A cloak of venom, false in every fold.
Swift o'er the surge, away the mission wends,
Blithe from the fleet, by perfidy cajoled;
And crowds of Moslems press the shore to meet
With feign'd delight the strangers from the fleet.

IX.

These, after they had tendered to the Prince
Their lord's obeisance and the gifts they brought,
Perambulate the town, to carry thence
Far less of knowledge than to glean they thought;
So jealously the Paynims' crafty sense
Abstains from showing all for which they sought;
For where reigns malice, there will fears suggest
Its co-existence in another's breast.

X.

But He, on whose delusive brow rejoiced
The ingenuous grace of endless youth, the God
Bimater, He whose falsehood still enticed
To snares of death the roamer of the flood,
In semblance of a votary of Christ
Within a mansion of the city stood,
Before a sumptuous altar he had made,
And there his simulated homage paid.

XI.

And o'er that altar, to the life display'd,
The symbol of the Spirit, the white dove,
Over the phœnix sole, the spotless maid,
Hover'd with brooding wings of holy love:
There too the twelve Apostles were pourtray'd
As in the hour of fear, when from above
Rush'd like a mighty wind the tongues of flame,
And gave them voice for climes of every name.

XII.

When hither brought, where show so well exprest
Deceived their sense, the two companions laid
Their knees to earth, their hearts to Heaven address'd;
While clouds of incense, breathing as they play'd
The odorous breath of Araby the Blest,
Fumed from the censer by Thyoneus sway'd:
Thus, after all his impious arts can do,
The false Divinity adores the true.

XIII.

The Christian visitants on shore that night
Were harbour'd with all hospitable care;
Nor dream'd they how a sanctimonious sleight
Had duped their easy faith into a snare;
But when the rays of upward-struggling light
Announced the coming sun to earth and air,
And on the horizon of the flushing water
Peer'd the bright face of Titan's rosy daughter,

XIV.

The royal envoys, from the land again
Despatch'd to Gama, his approach entreat;
With these return his own deputed men,
On whom the King had lavish'd bland deceit;
The Lusitanian unconvinced till then
That peril lurk'd not in the Moor's retreat,
And re-assured of Christians on the shore,
To trust the river hesitates no more.

XV.

His scouts advise him of a holy priest
And altars blazing to the solemn rite,
Of cherish'd guests to quiet sleep released
When darkness mantled with her cloak the light;
Of king and people showing not the least
Of aught but such content, so frank and bright,
As vanish'd all suspicion of deceit
In show of truth so clear and so complete.

XVI.

And now he greets the Moslems with the pride
Of honest joy that no suspicion checks;
For noble natures willingly confide,
And truthlike arts the wisest may perplex:
Leaving their boats along his vessel's side,
The wily wretches swarm upon the decks:
They pant with joy: the prize for which they gasp
Appears already certain in their grasp.

XVII.

The warriors on the isle are all prepared,
And wait the moment to effect their scheme,
To seize the fleet, within the bar ensnared
And tether'd to its anchors in the stream;
Nor less than massacre of all on board
Will satisfy their fury, which they deem
A sacred thirst of vengeance, for they seek
Their brothers to avenge of Mozambique.

XVIII.

The nautic cheer that helps the windlass round
Calls up the sullen anchors, slow to rise;
With foresheet only to the wind unbound,
The Armada, by the landmarks steering, plies
Right for the bar. But, of her charge renown'd
Still watchful, Erycina, who descries
The peril, darts on ocean from above
Swift as an arrow from the bow of Love.

XIX.

She summon'd the white Nereids to her aid,
And all their mates of the cerulean plain:
Her voice the willing Power of Waters sway'd:
And all the listening sisters of the main
Their Aphroditè cheerfully obey'd.
Prompt at her word, they follow to restrain
The lured Armada from the fatal river,
Where once entangled it is lost for ever.

XX.

Away they race, and foremost of the throng
Nerinè, flashing onward in the pride
Of force consummate, flings herself along;
Nisa goes bounding o'er the bounding tide;
Doto, in more than wonted fury strong,
Breasts the tall billows: the curved waves divide
In awe to give the rushing Nereids way—
Long lines behind them gleam of argent spray.

XXI.

Majestic passion sparkling in her eyes,
Upon the shoulders of a Triton sate
The lovely Dionœa; lightly lies
On him the burden, proud of such a freight—
The fleet, that under easy canvas tries
The ill-omen'd pass, they reach ere yet too late,
And, instant, wheeling as the leader guides,
A troop of Nymphs around each vessel glides.

XXII.

The Goddess and her troop confront the sail
Of Gama, hindering access to the bar
With such effect that all in vain the gale
Blows aft. Their bosoms, resolute as fair,
Against the bows enforced, back, back compel
The strong-ribb'd ship, while with as strenuous care
Others astern, cling grappling at the hull:—
The shuddering ship recoils with canvas full!

XXIII.

As emmets, provident against their foe
The shrewd and nipping winter, to their cell
Trailing some bulky weight well-balanced show
What mighty hearts in little room may dwell,
And tugging, straining, over high and low,
Straight to their hoard the giant prize compel—
So toil the Nymphs from ruin foul to save
Their Lusian friends and comrades of the wave.

XXIV.

The stagger'd ship to leeward falls, and drifts
In spite of those who toil with shrilly cry
At cord and sail; the raging steersman shifts
His helm from side to side incessantly:
The Master from the poop in vain uplifts
His warning voice that tells of peril nigh;
For breakers now upon his quarter loom,
A reef of sea-beat rocks that threaten doom.

XXV.

The fearful whooping the rough seamen raise,
Clangs to their toil: the clamour and the press
Of furious energies the Moors amaze,
As if they were amid the horrent stress
Of battle: whither the loud tumult sways,
Or what it bodes, they know not, but they guess
The weft unravell'd of their artful snare,
And vengeance bursting on them, then, and there.

XXVI.

Impell'd by irresistible dismay,
Lo! on a sudden, overboard they leap,
Whirling from this side and from that away!
Some vault to their almades and skim the deep;
Others plunge headlong in the upboiling sea,
Adventuring rather through its coil and sweep
To struggle for the chance of life, than know
What fate may wait them from an injured foe.

XXVII.

As on the bosky margin of a lake,
Having emerged incautious from the mere,
Frogs (in old time a Lycian people) take
Affright perchance at some intruder near,
And leaping, splashing, hither, thither, make
The troubled water vocal with their fear,
And huddle to their customary screen,
Nought but their heads above the surface seen,—

XXVIII.

So flit the Moors: and he of Mozambique,
Who led the ships to that great jeopardy,
Believing his imposture known, alike
Escapes by plunging to the bitter sea:
But lest upon the steadfast rock they strike,
Where life, so sweet and precious, lost must be,
The flagship drops the anchor at a cast;
The rest, hard by their leader, moor as fast.

XXIX.

The careful Chieftain, seeing this affright,
So strange and sudden, of the Moors, and how
The pilot as abruptly takes to flight,
Can understand the brutal people now;
And having seen—by no prevailing might
Of winds opposed, nor current's force—his prow
Debarr'd of onward power, therein he feels
The hand of Heaven, and thus to Heaven appeals:

XXX.

"O wonder great beyond the scope of reason!
O manifest effect of grace divine!
O unimagined fraud divulged in season!
O faithless race of infidels malign!
Who shall escape the subtle reach of treason,
What light of wisdom pierce a dark design,
If yonder all-potential Ward on high
His aid to human feebleness deny?

XXXI.

"With wary eye these fearful ports to scan
A signal Providence has warned us well:
How goodly show can mask an evil plan,
Henceforth our confidence abused may tell.
But since no honest skill of mortal man
Can fathom to their depths such arts of hell,
Do Thou, O Guard Omnipotent, extend
Thy help to us who have no other friend.

XXXII.

"And if our plight forlorn so moves thy ruth
For miserable wanderers as we be,
That, of thy grace, and that alone in sooth,
From foes malignant Thou hast set us free,
To some sure haven now, where there is truth,
Conduct us, weary pilgrims of the sea,
Or show the sought-for land, so long unfound,
For on thy service only we are bound."

XXXIII.

His melancholy orison was heard
By beauteous Dionœa; touch'd thereby,
She vanished from the Nereids, who deplored
Her so abrupt transition to the sky:
Anon, among the radiant stars she soar'd;
Now, the third sphere received her flashing by;
Nor paused in her ascent the Queen of Love
Till the sixth Heaven she reach'd, the seat of Jove.

XXXIV.

Flush'd by her speed and vehemence of flight,
She shone so beauteous on the worlds above,
All that beheld her kindled at the sight;
The stars, the sky, the very air was love;
Her eyes, where Cupid nestles, flash out light
Instinct with spirit that can all things move;
With conscious warmth the frozen poles inspire,
And turn the frigid hemisphere to fire.

XXXV.

And, to enchant the Sovereign Father more,
Who held her ever fondly dear, she stood
Within his presence, as she stood before
The Trojan arbiter in Ida's wood.
Had thus the hunter seen her—he of yore
Transform'd, for Dian in the fountain view'd,
He ne'er had perish'd to his hounds a prey,
But erst of this bright vision pined away.

XXXVI.—XXXVII.

Adown her neck, than snow-drift whiter, fell
The wavy filaments of golden hair,
Her milk-white bosom beat with quicken'd swell,
For Love invisible was playing there.
The flame whose use the archer knows so well,
Shot from her zone of jewels passing rare;
A modest gauze, with careless seeming art,
The beauty heighten'd that it veil'd in part,—

XXXVIII.

And showing on her countenance divine
With a sweet smile a sweeter sadness blended,
Like to a damsel by her Valentine
In amorous play incautiously offended,
Who chiding, smiling makes so shadowy-fine
The self-same moment,—so, with half pretended,
Half genuine woe, and witchery all her own,
She plained in tender more than angry tone.

XXXIX.

"O Sire Supreme, I ever thought to find,
For objects of my cherish'd care, in Thee
A friend indulgent, gentle, more than kind,
Though cross'd thereby some adverse will might be;
But since displeasure actuates Thy mind
Against me blameless—as too well I see—
Henceforward let the Vine-God be content;
I will at last to my disgrace assent.

XL.

"On these, my people, whom without avail
My tears deplore—for none my tears will heed—
Enough of sorrow does my love entail,
Bent as Thou art my wishes to impede;
The more on their behalf I weep and wail
The more against myself and them I plead:
Well, since they suffer because I befriend,
I'll learn to hate them, Thou wilt then defend.

XLI.

"Yes in the brutal hands of that dark race
Now let them die—for I have been," and here
The burning tears did sparkle on her face
As on the rosebud shine the dew-drops clear;
And, after pausing for a little space
As if her utterance fail'd for grief severe,
She tried to speak again but scarce unclosed
Her lips before the Thunderer interposed.

XLII.

And, moved by tones and gestures bland that might
Have touch'd a tiger's cruel heart, he smiled
With that supernal smile which turns to light
And peace the darken'd air and tempest wild:
On her he turn'd that aspect mildly bright,
And would have dried her tears; but like a child
That after chastisement but sobs the more
If woo'd by fond caresses to give o'er,

XLIII.

She when her Father clasps her to his breast,
The faster weeps: as if her woe resents
The tender kisses on her cheek imprest,
Thereat the passion of her grief augments.
To lay the tumult in her heart at rest
He brings before her immatured events,
And thus the course of future things relates,
Revolving the dark secrets of the Fates,—

XLIV.

"My beauteous daughter cast away all fears
For these thy friends of Lusitanian line;
Nor deem that aught can move me more than tears
Thus flowing from those sovereign eyes of thine:
For this I promise, these resolved compeers
The Greek, the Roman, shall in fame outshine,
Such deeds illustrious shall by them be done
In yonder glorious kingdoms of the Sun.

XLV.

"If wise Ulysses, whom no spell could stay,
From endless bondage in Ogygia fled,
And if Antenor pierced the Illyrian bay
And roaring waters by Timavus fed,
If reverent Æneas push'd his way
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis' gulf of dread,
Thy Lusians born to greater things than those,
Shall worlds yet latent to the world disclose.

XLVI.

"Raised by their power fair cities shalt thou see,
Vast walls and citadels of towerëd stone:
The Paynim, stubborn warrior though he be,
In every struggle shall be overthrown:
The Kings of India, now secure and free,
A mightier King's supremacy shall own,
And happier laws diffused throughout the land,
Shall vindicate the Lusian's conquering hand.

XLVII.

"This fearless man, now pressing through the deep
By perils haunted in his search of Ind,
Shall make the very heart of Neptune leap,
And awe-struck waters quake without a wind:
O matchless wonder! all the winds asleep,
Yet Ocean trembling at a constant mind!
O high-soul'd race! the elements avow
A presence greater than they knew till now.

XLVIII.

"And yonder Isle, where water was denied,
Shall be a port of refuge and of rest,
From the long conflict with the ocean-tide
To future navies crowding from the West:
Yon shores, in fine,—where now from side to side
Mortiferous plots are woven,—the behest
Of power invisible shall all obey,
And tribute to the dreadful Lusian pay.

XLIX.

" His lustrous arms shall turn the waters pale
Of Erythra, renown'd from days of yore;
Twice shall the kingly strength of Ormus fail,
And twice surrender to the Lusian power.
And there reverted by the baffling gale
The Moorish shaft shall pierce the furious Moor,
And teach their Paynim enemies to know
Who wars on them is to himself a foe.

L.

" A twofold siege will strong Diu sustain,
Impregnable, because by Lusians mann'd,
There shall their worth shine out and genuine strain,
By deeds of arms above example grand:
Even Mars will eye the host of leaguers slain
Not without envy of that leaguer'd band,
And Moslem warriors as they writhe in death
Shall curse the Prophet with their latest breath.

LI.

" And Goa, wrested from the Moor, shall rise
To greatness and become in after-time
By virtue of this people's enterprise
The Queen of oriental realms; sublime
With triumph, awful with her threatening eyes
To gentile nations sullied with the crime
Of Idol-worship; and afar and near
Barbaric foes shall feel her curb severe.

LII.

" With scanty garrison shall Cananore
To native kings oppose her steadfast wall;
While strong in numbers, on her busy shore
Renown'd for powër, Calicut shall fall:
A lordly heart, true mettle to the core,
Shall loyal Cochin's enemies appal,
By exploits worthier of immortal fame
Than ever cithern sounded to proclaim.

LIII.

" When young Augustus, upon Actium's wave,
O'erthrew the unjust Triumvir (gorged with spoil
Won from the sons of morn, the people brave
Of Scythian Bactra, and from famous Nile,
Himself a prize to Egypt's queen, a slave
To lawless beauty, and a wanton smile),
Not then Leucate kindled with alarms
Of Mars procinct and terrible in arms,

LIV.

" As yonder Indian seas shall flash and roar
When Lusus' sons, in fiery struggle tried,
Shall subjugate Idolater and Moor,
And triumph over nations far and wide;
To golden Chersonesus, to the shore
Of far Cathay their keels shall proudly glide,
And isles remote that bask in orient day:
And all that ocean shall confess their sway.

LV.

"And thus, my child, shall they achieve their fate
By labours such as never mortal bore;
And never will their prowess find its mate,
No, not from Ganges to the Gadite shore,
Not from Arcturus to the southern Strait
Which first an injured Lusian will explore;
Though all the brave of old heroic days
Should rise competitors for equal praise."

LVI.

This said, he sends the son divine of May
To choose some hospitable port and sure,
Wherein may pause the Armada on its way
From angry gales and evil minds secure;
And, lest by lingering in Mombassa's bay
The Chief revive the projects of the Moor,
Jove bids his herald in a dream disclose
The friendly land and harbour of repose.

LVII.

Prompt at the sovereign word, alights on land
The lithe Cyllenian of the feather'd feet;
He bears the charm'd caduceus in his hand
Wherewith he lulls worn eyes in slumber sweet;
He sways the wind with this portentous wand;
And wins the dead from Hades' dismal seat;
The wingëd helm from human eye conceals
The God; his presence all Melinda feels.

LVIII.

And close upon him glides attendant Fame
To tell of Lusian worth, so rare and proud,
For there is magic in a lauded name
That wins the frank affection of the crowd:
With artful tongue that speeds her gracious aim
The Lusian virtues she declares aloud,
Till all the town is burning to behold
The stamp and bearing of a race so bold.

LIX.

Thence to Mombassa, where the navy lay
Too near a foe, the herald power departs.
To warn the Lusian from the fatal bay
And region peopled with suspicious hearts;
For strength and skill of small avail are they
Against obdurate wills and hellish arts;
Soul, wit, and conduct, are of small avail
If counsel from the source of wisdom fail.

LX.

Midway had travell'd now the placid night;
O'er the broad surface of the land and deep
The lamps celestial shed their borrow'd light;
The weary mariners are hush'd in sleep,
All but the midnight watch, who with those bright
And faithful stars of heaven their vigil keep:
The illustrious Chief to short repose resign'd
A frame outwearied by a watchful mind.

LXI.

When lo! appears before him in a dream
The warning power:—"Hence, Lusitanian, hence!
Avoid by timely flight the fatal scheme
That dooms thee by a king's malevolence.
The lights of heaven with favouring aspect gleam;
Wind, time, and tide befriend thee; and a Prince,
Another and a kindlier king, elsewhere;
Safe is the shelter that awaits thee there.

LXII.

"To greet thee here such welcome sole attends
As Diomedes, of inhuman mood,
To strangers gave, on whom, received as friends,
His steeds he nourish'd, their accustom'd food.
O'er thee while lingering here the doom impends
Of those unhappy creatures with whose blood
The altars of Busiris reek'd obscene:
Fly from these savage and perfidious men!

LXIII.

"Hie thee along the mainland coast in sight,
And thou shalt reach a land where truth abides;
Near to the burning line, where day and night
The Sun in like admeasurement divides;
There shall a king receive thee with delight,
And prove his truth by many a grace besides;
There wilt thou furl thy sails in peace, and find
A faithful pilot to the shores of Ind."

LXIV.

So Hermes spake, and waved the wand of might;
Da Gama, waking in a strange dismay,
Saw the mid-darkness pierced with sacred light,
A thrilling and a momentary ray!
As clearly flash'd upon his inner sight
The warning wisdom that rebuked delay:
He hail'd the master with rekindled mind,
And bade him give the canvas to the wind.

LXV.

"Unreef!" he cried, "Make sail before the breeze!
The Deity hath spoken! From on high
A spirit ministrant to heaven's decrees
Is sent to guide us,— him beheld have I."
All hands are now alive: the foremost seize
The capstan bars, and call with shrilly cry
The anchors home, and as they heave and weigh
Their sinewy strength, the seamen's pride, display.

LXVI.

Meanwhile the restless Paynims on the scout
Stole to the mooring under night's disguise,
And softly strove to cleave the cables stout,
Whereby to strand the navy they devise:
But, keen of vision as the lynx, look'd out
The Lusitanians, proof against surprise:
Admonish'd of their vigilance, the Moors
Fled as if with wings impelled instead of oars.

LXVII.

And now the beakëd prows along their course
Were cleaving the white waters; yards inclined,
And canvas steady to the gentle force
And equal pressure of a quarter wind;
On late and old adventures in discourse
The crews expatiate, for not soon the mind
Forgets occasions imminent to life
By fortune hardly rescued from the strife.

LXVIII.

Once had the sun revolved in full career
And now again commenced his daily race,
When, far away as can be seen, appear
Two vessels creeping on the water's face.
Moors they must be: the Lusitanians veer,
And bear towards the land to give them chase.
One for the nearest coast in terror flew
And ran aground in haste to save the crew:

LXIX.

Not so the other, less alert for speed;
But into Lusian hands about to fall
Without the fierce constraint of Mars, or need
Of Vulcan's angry bluster to appal.
Too few to venture on a daring deed
For conscious weakness had dishearten'd all,
The people yield, and wisely; for the weak
By vain resistance but destruction seek.

LXX.

And as a pilot for the land he sought
Was still the want that press'd on Gama's care,
Among the Moors to find one he had thought;—
A hope that now th' event dissolved in air.
What sky o'erarches India, nor of aught
He fain would learn, can none of these declare:
But all assure him of Melinda nigh,
And there the port that will a guide supply.

LXXI.

And all extol the Monarch reigning there,
For princely qualities that none exceeds,
For liberal condition, soul sincere;
For state magnificent, for bounteous deeds,
And large humanity that all revere.
The Chief believes them, for his dream he reads:
And shapes his course, as Man and Heaven invite,
Led by the Moor and by that vision bright.

LXXII.

'Twas in the pleasant season when the light
Of Phœbus strikes in either horn the steer
That bore away Europa: earth was dight
With Flora and the promise of the year
From Amalthea's horn. The sun, in flight
Aëreal, constant on his swift career,
Recall'd the day when the Creator laid
His seal on his good work which He had made.

LXXIII.

Then first the Lusitanian Navy rode
Those waters skirting the Melindan bay;
The ships, with arras hung, their bravery show'd
In honour of the consecrated day;
The streamers flutter'd, and the standard flow'd,
Its purple hue distinguish'd far away;
The timbrel sounded and the rattling drum,
And thus like warriors jubilant they come.

LXXIV.

To view the floating pomp a countless train
Of natives gather on the sandy bound;
A race of better faith and more humane
Than all till now on Afric borders found.
The ships bear up, anon their cables strain,
Slow swinging as their anchors bite the ground.
A Moor of those just seized, is sent to greet
Melinda's Monarch from the Lusian fleet.

LXXV.

The Prince, already conscious to the fame
Of Lusian chivalry by land and tide,
As much exults to harbour such a name
As that is worthy of his generous pride;
And, with a noble nature's single aim,
Sends out his welcome as to friends allied,
And bids them land and here console their cares
Free of the soil as if the realm were theirs.

LXXVI.

Frank overtures are these, ingenuous words,—
And, as an earnest of how true they are,
He sends them tropic fruits, and pamper'd birds
Domestic, and (to men who sail from far,
Sight fairer than the flocks that Proteus herds)
Sheep, from the long-wool'd flocks of Zanzibar;
Such boons are wealth to seamen long adrift,
And here the giver's will excels the gift.

LXXVII.

The gracious word that fills the Chief with joy
As joyful was the messenger to bring,
As fair a tribute as his stores supply
Da Gama promptly tenders to the King;
A gorgeous tissue of the scarlet dye,
And corals branch'd, that under ocean spring,—
Of soft accretion there; but branch and stem
To air exposed, indurate to a gem.

LXXVIII.

With these to treat of friendship, and beseech
The royal grace that he abstain from shore,
He sends an envoy versed in arts of speech,
And fluent master of the Arab lore.
The zealous herald fail'd not soon to reach
The palace and the presence of the Moor,
And him he thus accosted, in a strain
By wisdom prompted and a teeming brain :—

LXXIX.

"High King, on whom from yon supernal sphere
Consummate justice hath bestow'd command,
That rules the stubborn mass by love and fear,
While all affect thy strong and gentle hand;
Thy port we sought as most from peril clear,
The safest known along the Lybian strand;
Thyself we come to seek that we may gain,
In thee, the solace long required in vain.

LXXX.

"No base marauders we, with fire and sword
Surprising feeble townships as we roam,
And dealing slaughter for the lust abhorr'd
Of plunder rapt from the defenceless home.
By mandate of our own imperial Lord
From sovereign Europe's western marge we come,
Sailing the seas with loyal heart, to find
The far-off shores of large prolific Ind.

LXXXI.

"What race of men, if men they be, are those?
What monstrous customs use they in the land?
Who not alone the port to strangers close,
But ev'n exclude them from the desert sand?
What have we done? How shown the front of foes,
To raise their terror of so small a band?
And wherefore arm'd with frauds so fine, should they
To ruin hunt us as their libbard prey?

LXXXII.

"But, with a trust unshaken, we confide
In thy superior truth, O King benign,
And such relief as Scheria's throne supplied
To wandering Ithacus we hope from thine.
Our ships at anchor in thy haven ride,
Led thither by the Interpreter divine:
Therefore we know thee well for what thou art,
The rare example of a faithful heart.

LXXXIII.

"And if our Chief refrains to tender here
His homage to the Ruler of the land,
Deem not, O King, that he is held by fear
Of less than kingly usage at thy hand:
But know that bound by the restraint severe
Of duty, he obeys his King's command
That till his orient mission be complete,
Nor coast nor harbour tempt him from the fleet.

LXXXIV.

"And since the laws of vassalage require
Subservience of the members to the head,
Thou, holding regal office, wilt desire
No subject a forbidden path to tread.
But for the gratitude he owes thee, Sire,
He vows, 'tis all he can, thy fame to spread,
And pledges too his nation's friendship won
So long as rivers to the ocean run."

LXXXV.

The herald ceased, and all the accordant ring
Of auditors were loud in praise of these
Strange men, whose ships, so long upon the wing,
Persisted through immeasurable seas
Beneath strange stars. Nor lightly prized the King
The allegiant spirit of the Portuguese,
And great, he thought, as he this temper weigh'd,
Must be their Monarch, so far off obeyed.

LXXXVI.

With gracious heart in glowing smiles exprest,
Thus to the honour'd Envoy he replies:
"Extirpate all suspicion from your breast:
Away with doubt and every cold surmise!
Your worth essay'd by many a hardy test
Is of the genuine stamp the world should prize;
Nor unto them who would have done you wrong
Can honour or exalted thoughts belong.

LXXXVII.

"That all your people visit not the shore,
From strict obedience to supremacy,
Is well; for though their absence I deplore,
Yet much I hold to perfect fealty.
If discipline consents not, then no more
Will I consent that but to pleasure me
They pass the wonted limit, and obscure
The lustre of a loyalty so pure.

LXXXVIII.

"And when yon setting orb appears anew
To-morrow with the morning's earliest ray,
Will we go forth in our almades to view
Your navy—sight desired for many a day.
And if it come in plight dismantled, through
The stormy gales and long bewildering way,
Here shall ye find—in free concession yours—
A skilful pilot, muniments and stores."

LXXXIX.

As thus the Monarch spake the words desired,
Latona's son beneath the wave withdrew:
The joyful envoy and his train retired;
Back to the fleet his eager pinnace flew.
On board, his tidings every heart inspired
With rapture: now indeed was found the clue
To the mysterious goal; and, one and all,
They made that night a glorious festival.

XC.

No lack was there of stars of artful ray
Like comets trembling as aloft they rove:
The cannoniers made good their fiery play,
As if the Cyclops were at work for Jove;
Earth, sea, and firmament astounded they,
As if his thunder to outvoice they strove:
And in the pauses of the cannonade
Shrill-breathëd clarions martial concert made.

XCI.

The shores give answer. Wildfire serpents there,
Whizzing among the crowded revel, win
Innocuous triumph: radiant wheels in air
Their flaming rings in swift gyration spin,
As bursting forth the sulphurous ashes tear;
Spouts multitudinous the welkin din;
Earth, sea, and sky are all alive with light,
While sea and coast contend in mimic fight.

XCII.

Brief rest ensued, when night began to fail,
But Day is lord of man's laborious powers:
Sleep's foe, Aurora, broke into the pale
Of dreams, attended by the radiant Hours,
Shivering the drowsy mists to dewy grail
That softly falling sparkled on the flowers;
Then from the land the King Melindan went
To view afloat the stately Armament.

XCIII.

The sandy shores with life and lustre glow,
So vast the crowds that to the scene repair;
So gay and bright their purple mantles show,
And tissues flaunting in the morning air.
Instead of martial lances and the bow
Shaped like the crescent, in their hands they bear
Green shoots of palm, the tree of peace, whose boughs
Supply the truest crown for victors' brows.

XCIV.

A stately barge and spacious, canopied
With particolored silks of texture fine,
Bears the Melindan King, accompanied
By magnates of his realm and men of line.
He comes array'd in rich and costly pride;
As custom and his dignity enjoin:
His brow a turban girds in many a fold
Of cotton interweaved with silk and gold:

XCV.

And rich and rare his damask tunic shines,
Of Tyrian dye, the colour here esteem'd:
A chain of purest gold his neck entwines,
The work yet costlier than the substance deem'd:
A splendid baldric to his side confines
The labour'd ataghan with jewels gemm'd:
Seed-pearl and gold in prodigal display
The sandals' sable velvet overlay.

XCVI.

An officer, behind, with silken mace—
A concave screen fixt on a gilded wand,
Forbids the solar beam that mounts apace
To scorch or daze the Monarch of the land.
Strange music, at the prow, of music's grace
Devoid, resounds obstreperous from a band
Of convoluted horns of asper voice,
That without concert horribly rejoice.

XCVII.

Nor less of pomp the Lusitanian shows
When, with his gallant retinue, advance
The Armada's boats, midway to welcome those
Of the Melindan on the bay's expanse.
Clad in the vogue of Spain Da Gama goes,
All but the cloak, a gorgeous robe of France,
The web Venetian satin, and the dye
A glorious crimson that delights the eye.

XCVIII.

And golden studs the gather'd sleeve restrain,
Whereon the sun a dazzling lustre throws;
With the same ore, so many ask in vain
Of Fortune, broider'd shines his martial hose.
Points delicately work'd, of gold again,
The welted slashes of his doublet close.
Engrail'd with gold his sword Italic shines,
And slightly on his cap a plume inclines.

XCIX.

His people's dress is of the dark red hue
The murex to the dyer's skill supplies;
The differing garbs and fashions, to the view
At once presented, charm the wondering eyes:
For all the spectacle is strange and new
By force of reconciled varieties;
Fair as the meteor arc in heaven display'd*
Of sweet Thaumantis, Juno's Herald-Maid.

C.

Now peals the Lusian trumpet, and the sound
Makes the heart leap. The Moor's flotilla gay
Comes booming on, curdling the waves around;
The silken curtains ripple in the spray.
The fleet salutes him, and the guns astound,
Exhaling clouds of smoke that veil the day.
Again, again, those thunders, and the Moor,
With hand on ear comprest, shuts out the roar.

CI.

The Monarch, passing to Da Gama's boat,
Stretch'd forth his arms and clasp'd him to his breast:
He with the courtesy to kings devote
By reason, paid due homage to his guest.
Awhile the Moslem eyed him, taking note
Of every lineament, as one imprest
With admiration of the strenuous mind
That compass'd from so far the shores of Ind.

CII.

Then with all liberal instance he renews
His offer of the plenty of the land,
And bids him of the realm's resources choose,
For what he needs he has but to demand.
He tells him, too, that though but now he views
The Lusian feature,—from a far-off strand
The Lusians' fame had reach'd him, and their wars
Against the Moslem of the Punic shores.

CIII.

"And Africa," he said, "from coast to coast
Resounded with the deeds that they had done
When warring with a fierce Maurusian host,
The crown of the Hesperides they won."
Such feats, the least the Lusian arms could boast,
Though yet the greatest to Melinda known,
The King with generous ardour magnified:
But thus the Lusitanian Chief replied:—

CIV.

"O Thou, the King benign, in whom alone
We find compassion of our lorn estate,
We who till now but misery have known
In weary coil with seas infuriate;
May He who guides from His eternal throne
The spheres of heaven and course of human fate,
Requite thy signal bounty, royal Moor,
Since we in all but gratitude are poor.

CV.

"From none but thee beneath the torrid ray
Has peace consoled the strangers from the deep;
In thee at last a solace and a stay
Are ours, and refuge from the whirlpools' sweep:
For which, while earth shall know the light of day,
While either pole its starry flock shall keep,
Where'er may live Da Gama's name, be sure,
In fame and glory will thy praise endure."

CVI.

Urged by the flashing oar, as thus he spake,
The gay procession glided to the fleet;
The boats a circuit of the Armada make,
Each ship in turn the Moors desire to meet.
The boding flash again the linstocks wake,
And festal thunders the Melindan greet;
The trumpets hail him, and an answer shrills
Exultant from the Moslem anafils.

CVII.

But when the admiring Moor had taken note
Of all, still challenged to renew'd amaze
By that strange clamour from the cannon's throat,
Which seems to threaten whom it peals to praise;
He claim'd a truce of noise, and bade the boat
Be staid at anchor, that awhile, at ease,
Discourse with Gama he might freely hold
Of things by rumour indistinctly told.

CVIII.

Well pleased, the Moslem o'er an ample space
Of question travell'd, in discursive vein;
Now he would follow, in the gory trace
Of Fame, the Lusian wars with Mauritane:
Now ask of Gama's home, and every race
Within the wide circumference of Spain,
Now of the neighbours of that distant realm,
Now of the waters traversed by his helm.

CIX.

"But be it first, brave chief," he said, "thy care
To tell us of thine own paternal land;
Its clime, its features, even the region where
It lies, but dimly yet we understand:
Your lineage too from time remote declare,
And old foundation of a power so grand;
Your nation's wars relate from early days,
For though we know them not we know their praise.

CX.

"And tell us of thy course in this emprise
That Ocean's jealous rage so oft impedes,
At many a turn revealing to thine eyes
Strange customs our untutor'd Afric breeds
Along her coasts. Begin, for yonder rise,
On fresh Aurora's purple track, the steeds
Gold-bitted, drawing the enamell'd wain
Of day. The winds are hush'd and still the main.

CXI.

"And not less prompt is our desire to hear
Than is the time propitious for the theme;
For who that ever unto fame gave ear
But knows your race has won the world's esteem?
Yon solar orb in its effulgence clear
Shines not so far from us that ye should deem
Melindan minds too dull to entertain
The deeds of heroes, or on land or main.

CXII.

"The haughty giants, in their senseless pride
Of strength, storm'd the serene Olympic height,
Pirithöus and Theseus blindly tried
On Pluto's dark and dreadful realm their might
If ever sons of earth so hardly vied,
No smoother task, nor less in honour's sight
Than madly daring heaven and hell, has he
Who braves the rage of the majestic sea.

CXIII.

"Erostratus, intent to make his name
The Ephesian wonder of succeeding time,
A torch applied to that consummate frame
Of Ctesiphon, Diana's fane sublime:
If thus the passion for enduring Fame
Entices mortals to be great in crime
Well may the man undying glory crave
Whose deeds deserve their franchise from the grave."

CANTO THE THIRD.

I.

INSTRUCT me now, Calliope, to tell
What to the King illustrious Gama told;
Inspire this mortal breast that loves thee well,
With song immortal, voice divinely bold:
So may the inventor of the healing spell,
Sire of thine Orpheus, never more withhold
For Daphne, Clytia, nor Leucothea's arms
The love due only to their peerless charms.

II.

Give me, O Nymph, to strike the heroic string
In numbers worthy of my country's sons;
That all the world may know from Tejó's spring
The genuine lymph of Aganippe runs:
Leave Pindus' flowers, Apollo with thee bring,
To bathe me in the sovereign flood he suns.
Else shall I deem thee jealous lest thy own
Belovëd Orpheus into shade be thrown.

III.

The hush'd Melindans all expectant sought
To hear the voice of that illustrious man;
And Gama soon, after a pause of thought,
Raising his head, the narrative began.—
"Thou wouldst, O Monarch, by my lips be taught
From what high source our ancient lineage ran;
Thy will prescribes no theme of alien story,
But even the praises of my nation's glory!

IV.

"Pleading another's worth our own we raise,
It is a seemly and ingenuous plea;
But self-encomium wants the grace of praise,
And so I fear will that of mine from me;
Time too must fail me, for if hours were days
My fertile theme would unexhausted be;
But thou commandest and 'tis mine to obey,
In spite of scruples, briefly as I may.

V.

"What further binds me to the task is this,
I cannot magnify the theme, nor build
To Lusian fame so wide an edifice
As half the gather'd trophies might have fill'd;
But, lest by fault of order I should miss
Clear apprehension;—first, as thou hast will'd,
The region whence we come will I unveil,
And then our sanguinary wars detail.

VI.

"Between the zone which pants with torrid heat
By Cancer ruled, the bright sun's northern goal—
And that whereon with equal torment beat
The dreadful rigours of the frozen Pole,
The milder clime is stately Europe's seat:
Ocean's salt waves her western shore control
And that which lies beneath Arcturus' star;
The midland waters are her southern bar.

VII.

"Two liquid boundaries on the orient side
From Asia part her; Tanäis winter-tamed—
Winding adown Riphean hills, to glide
Into the Lake Meotis—and the famed
Ægean flood where Greece in warlike pride
Fierce triumphs won of yore, and far proclaim'd;
Where now the seaman to Sigæum nigh,
In fancy only sees imperial Troy.

VIII.

"Far northward, towering beneath the Wain,
The mountains Hyperborean stretch their arms,
And they of their Eolian title vain,
For there reigns Æolus the King of Storms;
And there the orb whose rays the world sustain
A languid radiance sheds that never warms:
A shroud of snow for ever wraps the mountains,
Frost locks the sea, and frost enchains the fountains.

IX.

"There hoards of Scythians roam—a countless flock,
Whose ancient fathers rail'd with those of Nile;
Each vaunting theirs to be the parent stock
Whence earth was peopled, continent and isle;
But pride is human reason's stumbling-block,
And truth was distant from them all the while:
He that his origin would truly scan
Must ask of Syrian dust the birth of man.

X.

"Yonder the cheerless waste of Lapland lies,
And rugged Norway, stranger to the plough;
And Scandinavia, proud of victories
Which Italy's gray ruins yet avow.
There, when enfranchised from their thrall of ice
By summer suns, the Baltic waters flow,
Along the reach of the Sarmatic main
Sail the brave Swede, the Prussian and the Dane.

XI.

"Strange nations, Russ, Livonian, Muscovite,
Spread from this sea to where the Tanäis rolls,
Sarmatians once. Hercynia's woody height
Shelters a race of Marcomans or Poles.
Saxon, Pannonian, Marobucluite,
Within her empire Germany enrols
And many nations more, where snow-born Rhine
And Danube, Albis, and Amasis shine.

XII.

"Between far Ister, and the narrow Sound,
Where with her life young Helle left her name,
Is Thrace, a land for valiant men renown'd
Whom Mars rejoices as his sons to claim.
Rough Hæmus there and Rhodopè snow-crown'd
Are subject to the Soldan, and, O shame!
Byzantium too endures that sway indign,
False to the memory of great Constantine.

XIII.

"The next in order, Macedonia stands,
By Asius traversed to Naupactum's wave;
And you too, O incomparable lands,
Soil of the wise, the polish'd and the brave!
Mother of eloquent tongues and artful hands,
And wizard minds with fancy for their slave;
In arms sublime too as in arts of peace
Thy glories reach the stars, immortal Greece!

XIV.

"Dalmatia is her neighbour, in the bay
Where rose Antenor's city, Padua now;
Venice, so lowly in her early day,
Amid the waters lifts her haughty brow.
There Italy outstretches o'er the sea
That forceful arm which made the nations bow,
And not the virtue of her sword alone,
But mightier genius made the world her own.

XV.

"Around her shores the purple waters twine
Save where a wall of Alps her frontier bars;
Along her centre strides the Apennine,
Eternal trophy to your Lybian Mars:
But He who holds on earth the keys divine
Now sways enfeebled Rome, unskill'd in wars.
Gone is the pride of power—her ancient leaven,
So dear is meek humility to Heaven.

XVI.

"There lies the realm of Gaul, by Cæsar's lore
For wars with Cæsar through the world renown'd;
The Seine and Rhone her fertile plains explore,
The chilly Garonne and the Rhine profound.
South, where Pyrene sank bewilder'd, soar
The enormous hills, her monumental mound,
Whose woody sides, once fired, as legends told,
Pour'd rivers down of silver and of gold.

XVII.

"And southward of the Pyrenean height
The noble head of Europe is descried,
Romantic Spain whose glories in despite
Of every turn of Fortune's wheel abide;
For never, or by stratagem or might,
Could restless Fortune so perplex her pride,
That daring heart and formidable hand
Were ever scarce in her belligerent land.

XVIII.

" Confronting Abyla with Calpé's rock,
At that famed Strait the Theban's last emprize
The intermediate sea she seems to lock,
And threaten Tingis with her watchful eyes;
But her domain, peopled from many a stock,
A zone of waters to Pyrène ties.
Her divers races all such lustre boast
That every race esteems itself the most.

XIX.

" Her's are the Sons of Arragon; let bold
Parthenope chastised their fame declare:
Her's staid Galicia, and those bulwarks old
Against the Moor, Asturias and Navarre;
Her's Leon and sublime Castille whose star
From Moorish thraldom rescued Spain and ruled;
Granada her's, to Paynim memory dear,
And Seville, pride of great Guadalquivír.

XX.

" And then behold the Crown of Europe's Head,
Bright Lusitania gleaming on the marge
Of earth and ocean, o'er a golden bed
Of waves, the couch of Phœbus. Heaven in charge
Gave to her sons the sword of justice dread
That drove the Mauritanian thro' the surge
Back to his fiery wilds, nor leaves him there
At rest, but goads the savage in his lair.

XXI.

"That is my own beloved delightful land,
To which if Heaven accord me safe return,—
This work accomplish'd for her glory plann'd—
There may my light of life its remnant burn.
Lusus or Lysa, roving to her strand,
To Lusitania gave her name eterne.
Sons they, or comrades, of the ivy-crown'd,
And primal dwellers on that antique ground.

XXII.

"There he whose name his manly prowess tells,
The shepherd champion of the land was born;
Whose fame in arms no rival glory quells
Since haughty Rome's may blush but cannot scorn.
That land, the stealthy sire, whom Fate compels
All his own offspring to devour in turn,
To regal state has rear'd through cycles past
Time's favour'd child to be devour'd the last.

XXIII.

"Thus rose the Monarchy; a king of Spain,
Alonzo wrought the Moor incessant woe:
By warlike strategy, by might and main,
Much land he won, much blood he caused to flow;
From Calpé to the Caspian ridge, the strain
Of his high deeds aroused the jealous throe
Of honour in brave bosoms, warriors came
In crowds, to share his peril and his fame.

XXIV.

"From various lands they troop'd, their country dear,
Their household charities resign'd, to press
Into the ranks of martial toil severe,
Eager for high heroic action, less
From love of worldly honour than the clear
And genuine zeal of faithful holiness:
Alonzo, just to signal worth, decreed
To every champion his befitting meed.

XXV.

"Of these the Count Henriquez (second son,
Tradition tells, of a Pannonian King)
In fief the rule of Lusitania won,
A land as yet nor prized nor flourishing.
Still more to honour the transcendant Hun
His child Teresa, in her beauty's spring,
Alonzo gave him at the self-same hour,
And with the bride the Count possess'd the dower.

XXVI.

"Him, after many a conflict with the race
Of bondmaid Hagar, greatly fought and won,
And many a province added to the space
Of Christian rule, had proved his duty done—
Heaven, not unmindful of those deeds of grace,
In happy hour rewarded with a son:
To illustrate soon, in no degenerate vein,
The proud and martial Lusitanian reign.

XXVII.

"Among the knights, when Godfrey led the van
Of Europe's armies on the Jordan flood,
River baptismal of the God-in-Man,
Henriquez fought and conquer'd for the Rood;
Nor till the city of the Shrine they won
And all Judea to the cross subdued,
Return'd, with many, his compeers in praise,
A troop of princes crown'd with sacred bays.

XXVIII.

"The grand Hungarian when the final goal
Of life was reach'd, a bourne the bravest fears,
To God who gave resign'd his trembling soul,
Leaving his son as yet in tender years,
But like himself to shine on glory's scroll,
For sire and son in chivalry were peers:
The world that never held a braver pair
From such a sire had look'd for such an heir.

XXIX.

"But old report, I know not true or feign'd,
For nought is certain of such ancient date,
Tells that Henriquez' widow not disdain'd
To wed another; seizing all the state,
Her's the sole right she loftily maintain'd,
Of sway deputed to her former mate,
Gift of her father's, as a sponsal dower,
And thus she wrong'd her orphan son for power.

XXX.

"The Prince Affonso, from his grandsire named,—
Disfranchised of his own, and push'd aside,
No share assign'd him of the rule he claim'd,
A stepsire's will his mother's only guide,—
With his own heart, by martial ire inflamed,
Held council how to seize the right denied;
Long in his mind the various means revolved,
But paused not long from action once resolved.

XXXI.

"The curse of civil war was on the land;
The fields of Guimarães were stain'd with gore;
And there the hatred of a mother fann'd
The flame that raged against the son she bore;
Against his bosom edged the rebel's brand;
Nor saw the proud one, while the realm she tore,
How great to God and Nature her offence,
For sensual passion quench'd maternal sense.

XXXII.

"O savage Progne! O Medea, dire
Enchantress! if your very sons ye slew—
The wife's tremendous vengeance on the sire—
Behold Teresa guiltier e'en than you!
Out of a double root the foul desire
Of rule, and viler heat her fury grew:
Scylla betray'd her father's life from one,
Here both have arm'd a mother 'gainst her son.

XXXIII.

"But soon the Prince, the ascendant gaining, quell'd
His stepsire and his more unnatural foe,
And in a moment at his feet beheld
The rebel force that would have laid him low:
Then by the frenzy of his wrath impell'd,
In chains he left his mother to her woe:
Crime that avenging Heaven will soon pursue
So great the reverence to parents due.

XXXIV.

"Lo where, indignant of Teresa's wrong,
The proud Castilian comes in force array'd:
And him the Lusitanian ever strong
For toil and danger when they heaviest weigh'd,
Confronts with heart that challenges the throng
Of cruel battle; and angelic aid
Yet unwithheld; not only scorns to yield
But drives the hot invader from the field.

XXXV.

"Sore from defeat and arm'd with mightier power,
Brief interval o'erpast, return the foes:
Abruptly seizing an unguarded hour,
Around the walls of Guimarâens they close;
The Prince beleaguer'd in his town and tower,
Perchance was lost, when a deliverer rose:
His tutor Egas, fearless, faithful, sage,
Committed to the storm his reverend age.

XXXVI.

"The loyal vassal, conscious that his lord
Was ill-prepared, nor powerful for defence,
The Spaniard sought, and on his knightly word
Engaged to Spain the homage of his prince:
His trusted promise sheathed the leaguer's sword,
The siege was raised, the foe departed thence:
But honest zeal had pledged the Prince in vain,
His haughty spirit brook'd no suzerain.

XXXVII.

"The King Castilian to the border side
Withdrew, propitious to the knight's appeal,
Expecting there at the appointed tide
The Prince in plighted fealty to kneel.
But Egas, when he saw his word belied,
His knightly honour forfeit to Castille,
At once resolved his precious life to yield
In quittance of the promise unfulfill'd.

XXXVIII.

"And with his sons and consort he departs,—
With these dear treasures to redeem his gage,—
Barefoot, bareheaded, with such humble arts
As rather move to pity than to rage.
'High king,' he said, 'if vengeance be thy heart's
Demand for trust whose rashness shames mine age,
Behold me here to pacify the strife
Between my honour and my truth with life.

XXXIX.

" 'Here too I lead for sacrifice my young,
My guiltless offspring and their mother meek,
If pure and noble pleasure can be wrung
From cruel death inflicted on the weak.
Mine are the hands offending, mine the tongue,
On me alone thine indignation wreak.
Me, me to death, to tortures keen condemn,
The worst by man devised, but pity them.'

XL.

" Even as a doomëd wretch whose hour is come,
Who, yet alive, of death foretastes the gall,
Bends to the block and waits with horror dumb
The dreadful stroke that suddenly will fall,
So he, as sure his days had reach'd their sum,
Low bow'd his hoary head, resign'd to all,
Before the indignant king whose generous wrath
Dissolved in pity at such wondrous truth.

XLI.

" O height of Lusitanian faithfulness
Which so sublimed the loyalty of old!
Was this devotion than that Persian's less
Whose zeal his mutilated visage told?
Whom oft his lord in generous distress,
The great Darius sighing would behold
And say, 'Through Zopyrus defeatured thus
The prize of twenty Babylons were loss.'

XLII.

"The Prince Affonso next against the Moor
That dwelt beyond the Tejo fair and bright
Equipp'd and led the Lusitanian power,
A joyous army, panting for the fight:
On wide Ouriquè, famous from that hour,
He dared the brunt of Saracenic might:
A phalanx proud and fierce the Prince could boast,
And such he needs, so few against a host.

XLIII.

"For such the odds on that eventful field,
A hundred Moslem cavaliers were told
For every knight that bore a Christian shield:
Some calmer judgments, in experience old,
Within the careful breast but ill-conceal'd,
Their blame of headlong ardour overbold:
But Prince Affonso, for his cause is just,
This day in God alone has put his trust.

XLIV.

"Five Moorish kings, the greatest named Ismar,
And all of ripe celebrity in arms,
Head the battalions of Moresco war:
And female champions, train'd to war's alarms,
Undaunted at their side the peril share.
Penthesilea, heedless of her charms,
Thus lent her prowess to the Trojan ranks;
Thus warr'd her sisters from Thermodon's banks.

XLV.

"The polar stars, faint glimmering, one by one,
Went out as chilly morn uprose serene,
When lo, in air a vision of the Son
Of Mary on the holy cross was seen!
Before the Prince, to cheer his soul, it shone,
And he adoring cried with fervour keen,
'Show to yon infidel those wounds, O Lord;
Not unto me who own thy power and word.'

XLVI.

"That sight miraculous the hearts inflamed
Of Lusitanian warriors. With a shout
Of rapture, all, as with one voice, proclaim'd
King of the land whom Heaven had singled out
By sign so special: their loved Prince they named
With cries that fill'd the welkin round about,
Startling the Moslem foe. "Reâl! Reâl!
For high Affonso, King of Portugal!"

XLVII.

"As when a mastiff, hounded on by cheer
Of hunters' voices, on the sylvan steeps
Braves the wild bull, now fastening on his ear,
Now on his flank, with yells, and sudden leaps
That foil the hornëd fury of the steer;
So lightly the fierce dog around him sweeps,
Until his rabid fangs enfix his throat,
And down at last tumbles the exhausted brute.

XLVIII.

"Thus the new king, at once cheer'd on by Heaven,
And by his little army's glad acclaim,
A moment's glance to the barbarian given,
Rush'd at the burly foe with heart on flame:
Then rose the Moslem war-cry; air was riven
With clamour; arms they seized, and on they came,
With stir of bows and spears, with trumpets' blare,
And all their instrumental clang of war.

XLIX.

"As 'mid the shrubby pastures sere with drought,
When nightly shepherds by their watchfire drowse,
If whistling Boreas suddenly come out
And drive the embers flaming through the boughs;
The blaze of herbage and the crackling rout
Those frighten'd swains incontinently rouse,
The live combustion spreading wide they see,
Haste to collect their flocks and homeward flee.

L.

"So was the Moor aroused, in like amaze,
So to his arms he rush'd with equal speed,
Though not for flight; no terror he betrays,
To meet the shock he goads the fiery steed:
But brief the tilt twixt Moor and Portuguese;
With spears transfixt the foremost Pagans bleed,
Some drop half dead, some tumble dead outright,
And others on their Prophet call, and fight.

LI.

"(Earth felt the trident, and out sprang the Horse!)
Dire is the encounter, horrible the crush,
The shock might shake a mountain with its force,
When furious to the charge the war-steeds rush;
When glittering steel in hands without remorse
Collides, and startles Nature with the flash.
But steel nor steed 'gainst Lusus' sons avail,
They hack, hew, shiver, harness, turban, mail.

LII.

"Dissever'd heads go rolling down the hill;
Limbs without owners strew the trampled heath,
Corses with entrails palpitating still,
And faces ghastly with the light of death:
The field is lost to the proud Infidel;
Rivers of blood run reeking with the breath
Of slaughter; the white sands are crimson'd o'er;
The fields that should be green are red with gore.

LIII.

"Gathering the spoil and trophies of the kill'd,
And wealth abandon'd by the Moslems fled,
Three days and nights upon the battle-field
Encamp'd the Conqueror amidst the dead:
And here he painted on his argent shield,
Where still the glorious triumph may be read,
Five scutcheons azure, thus in blazon shown
To certify as many kings o'erthrown.

LIV.

"On these five shields the thirty coins he scored
For which the God of life to death was sold,
In various tint denoting thus the Lord
Whose grace had prosper'd his adventure bold.
The shields transversely charged, the Cross record;
The thirty silver pieces thus are told;
Five on each azure scutcheon, counting twice
The central number, to complete the price.

LV.

"That signal feat achieved, to proud repose
He homeward turn'd. Meanwhile Leiria falls,
A short-lived triumph to his vanquish'd foes.
Aroused, the captive fort he disenthrals,
On strong Arronches then his fury throws,
Expels the Iberian Moor, and storms the walls
Of Santarem, that ever-glorious site,
Where Tagus glides along with pure delight.

LVI.

"These noble towns subjected to his rule,
On Mafra next he falls, and wins it soon;
And Cintra too, for ever green and cool,
Amid the rocky mountains of the moon;
Sweet Cintra, where in fount or crystal pool
The Naiads dive, the net of Love to shun;
In vain the waters screen them from the snare,
For Love has arrows that can reach them there.

LVII.

"And thou, whose old foundations boast the hand
Of him whose art the Dardan towers o'erthrew,
Superb Lisböa, known through every land,
The Queen of Cities, and of Ocean too,
E'en thou wert shaken on thy rocky strand,
Till to the Lusian victor open flew
Thy gates! But not without the aid was he
Of foreign champions from the boreal sea.

LVIII.

"Crusaders they whose keels so far had plough'd
The billows, from Germanic Elbe and Rhine,
And Britain cold; in sacred union vow'd
To sweep the crescent forth of Palestine:
Anchoring in Tagus, 'gainst the city proud
Their force with great Affonso's they combine;
Eager to share his fame, to land they bound,
And close the Ulyssean walls around.

LIX.

"Five times the moon had fill'd her horn with light,
As oft the Phantom waned and died away,
Ere yet the city, in dismantled plight,
Surrender'd to the terrible array.
Fierce to the last and bloody was the fight,
And wild the slaughter on the fatal day,
As needs must be when victors ruthless are,
And vanquish'd men infuriate with despair.

LX.

"Thus fell the city whose unquailing pride
Would own no conqueror in ancient time,
Beleaguering armaments had still defied,
And e'en those Vandals of the snowy clime,
Whose savage triumphs sweeping far and wide
Made Tagus tremble where its fountains chime,
And Ebro too,—while wondering Betis heard
The name Vandalia on its plains conferr'd.

LXI.

"But if in him whose fame is wide as air
Lisböa thus at last a master owns,
What hardy cities could unshaken bear
The Lusian storming at their rocky thrones?
Obidos, Torres Vedras, Alemquer,
Whose leaping waters sing among the stones,—
He won them all, and all the Moorish keeps
That crown'd Estremadura's craggy steeps.

LXII.

"Ye too he conquer'd, O Transtagan lands,
Famed for the gifts that golden Ceres showers!
Obedient to the force that none withstands,
To him ye cede the ramparts and the flowers.
Alas for the poor peasant Moslem! hands
Shall reap the harvest that were not the sowers.
Strong Elvas, famous Moura, Serpa, fall,
And won and lost Alcaçere do Sal.

LXIII.

"Lo where of old, a rebel nobly daring,
Sertorius gloried in his Evora proud—
Whither, on blessed mission yet repairing,
The waters travel like a silver cloud:
Sustain'd aloft on regal arches bearing
The far-fetch'd treasure to the busy crowd—
That gallant city—'twas a task austere—
Giraldo took, the knight that knew not fear.

LXIV.

"Careless of rest, and evermore intent
Brief life to lengthen out with stirring act,
His arms on Beja next Affonso bent,
To wreak his vengeance for Trancoso sackt
And all its people slain. Too soon the event
Made guilty Beja rue the savage fact,
In vain the merciless for mercy call,
And not a Moor survived the city's fall.

LXV.

"Palmella too surrender'd, and the town
Of fishermen, Cezimbra, near whose gate
A mighty army as it hasten'd down
To raise the siege, he foil'd with all its weight;
So brightly shone the star of his renown!
The city felt, its lord beheld their fate.
Heedless along the mountain pass they wind,
Nor guess the dreadful greeting they shall find.

LXVI.

"'Tis he of Badajos, a haughty Moor:
With twice two thousand gallant horse he rides,
Follow'd by countless Peons mail'd in ore,
With lance and glaive resplendent at their sides.
But, as the savage bull who feels the power
Of May, in veins that rage with fiery tides,
If chance a traveller cross his jealous path
Drives at the unwary man with headlong wrath;

LXVII.

"So falls Affonso, in as fierce a strain,
On those the careless troop that take the lead
He wounds, he kills, he charges on amain:
Their king escaping, life his only heed,
A panic terror seizes all his train,
They fly: the army emulate their speed.
Strange rout! accomplish'd less by force than fears;
That field was won by sixty cavaliers!

LXVIII.

"The great and indefatigable King
Disdains in victory's career to pause;
Throughout his realm he bids the tocsin ring
And all the brave around his standard draws;
Warriors to conquest train'd beneath his wing.
Thus strengthen'd, he beleaguers Badajos:
And valour soon, with art consummate guided,
True to his hope, the city's fate decided.

LXIX.

"But now the hour was come when God, who long
Suspends his justice o'er the sinner's head,—
Or that He waits contrition for the wrong,
Or that some purpose unreveal'd be sped,—
And who had saved the Prince so far, along
The path of danger 'twas his choice to tread,
Would let him feel, by a condign reverse,
The weight of his imprison'd Mother's curse.

LXX.

"For, when the stately city he had gain'd,
Though Leon's fief and never Portuguese,
The place by right of conquest he retain'd,
And there beleaguer'd by the Leonese,
Soon dearly rued ambition overstrain'd;
For pride is often tax'd with costly fees.
Forth riding headlong to confront the war,
A limb he shatter'd 'gainst an iron bar,

LXXI.

"And hurl'd to earth was Leon's crippled thrall.
Shade of illustrious Pompey, mourn no more,
That rigorous Nemesis decreed thy fall
By Cæsar's hand unjust. Though Phasis frore
And many a land that wears an icy pall
Beneath austere Boötes, though the shore
Of shadowless Syene fear'd thy name
And all the Line had trembled at thy fame.

LXXII.

"Though thou hadst curb'd the fierce Heniochi;
Arabia, Colchis of the Fleece of Gold;
Judea (worshipping the One Most High);
The soft Sophenian; the Cilician bold
And cruel; Cappadocia's slaves hard by;
And land of Aram, where so proudly hold
Their course, the rivers twain whose hidden fount
Is far aloft upon a holy mount:

LXXIII.

"Though all the nations from the Western Deep,
Even to the ridge of Scythian Taurus, plied
To thee their victor—let thy wonder sleep
That on Pharsalia's plain thy fortune died:
For here behold Affonso win the steep
Of Fame, like thee, then stumble in his pride.
The father of thy consort vanquish'd thee,
And him his daughter's spouse, 'twas Heaven's decree.

LXXIV.

"When, chasten'd by the justice of the Lord,
The noble king return'd, his realm again
Was threaten'd by the Saracenic sword
In Santarem, besieging him, in vain.—
Then—after he had piously interred
Saint Vincent in Lisböa's holiest fane
The corse translated from that headland hoar
Which bears the Martyr's name for evermore.—

LXXV.

"The weary king, whose age demanded rest,
To Alemtejo sent his valiant son
With arms and men to rout the Moorish nest
And consummate the work by him begun.
Sancho with eager spirit onward prest
And made with Moslem blood the river run
That laves Sevilia's walls—Guadalquivír,
The winding river, wont to run so clear.

LXXVI.

"Inspired by victory, the youth but yearns
The more for conquest and disdains repose:
With fiercer rage to Beja's aid he turns
Against the leaguers that her walls enclose;
And speedily the happy warrior earns
Expected triumph o'er a host of foes;
Yet brave amid disaster, hopes the Moor
For all his loss to make his vengeance sure.

LXXVII.

"From Atlas—(once a Titan that upbore
The skies, but by the Gorgon's gaze transform'd)
From Tingis, where Antæus ruled of yore,
From Ampelusa's cape, the Paynims swarm'd.
The dwellers on Mount Abyla no more
Their flocks remembering, at the summons arm'd
Of Mauritanian trumpets; rugged strain
That roused, too, noble Juba's ancient reign.

LXXVIII.

"On Portugal with all this vast array,
The great Ameer-al-Moumineen came down,
With thirteen Moorish kings of potent sway,
But subject all to his imperial crown.
Whatever ill they could along their way
They wrought, on hamlet, farm, or open town,
Till on the Infante's refuge, Santarem,
Their strength they turn'd, in evil hour for them.

LXXIX.

"The wrathful Moor provokes incessant fights,
And goads the Christian prince on every side,
And tries him with a thousand warlike sleights;
But all his efforts are alike defied.
Nor secret mine nor thundering ram affrights
The noble Sancho, nor the stony tide
Pour'd from the dread balista: force nor art
Confounds a prince all eye and hand and heart.

LXXX.

"Within the city whose surrounding meads
Mondego's waters keep for ever green,
The king meanwhile enjoys the rest he needs
Whose life one long and arduous toil has been.
But when the peril of his son he reads,
Besieged in Santarem by foes so keen,
Coimbra no more detains him: age in vain
Weighs on the parent—he is young again.

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LXXXI.

"A veteran band, all men of fame, the sire
Conducts to Sancho's rescue. Thus enforced,
The Portuguese with all their wonted fire
Forth on the Moor in awful ruin burst:
The field is strewn with many-hued attire,
Short tunics, hooded cloaks of men unhorsed,
Harness and mail, in rich confusion spread:
And steeds run neighing round their masters dead.

LXXXII.

"All that escaped the carnage, from the scene
In horror turning o'er the border sped,
All but the High Ameer-Al-Moumineen,
Who scorn'd to flee, and fought till life was fled.
Hosannahs to the Lord of Battles then
Rang from the cohort by his grace bested:
For when so few o'erbear such fearful odds
'Tis plain the victory is not man's, but God's.

LXXXIII.

"So triumph'd old Affonso the great king,
From youth to age the marvel of his peers,
When he, while yet intent on conquering,
By Time was conquer'd, 'midst a nation's tears.
Pale sickness touch'd with fatal hand the spring
Of life, enfeebled with the weight of years.
And thus at last the warrior full of days
The debt to dismal Libitina pays.

LXXXIV.

"Him did the lofty promontories mourn,
For him the rivers, from their courses sweeping,
Wander'd lamenting in a flood forlorn
And drown'd invaded harvests with their weeping.
But glorious deeds his memory adorn
For ever, through all space their freshness keeping;
The echoes ever in his own domain
Affonso call, Affonso! but in vain.

LXXXV.

"Sancho, the young and valiant, mounts the throne,
And follows on his father's proud career:
He, while yet lived the sire, in arms had shone
When blood incarnadined Guadalquivír,
Where Andalusia's Paynim king o'erthrown
Taught Ismael's sons, that youthful arm to fear:
Yet more when Beja's gladden'd walls beheld
Her hot besiegers by his arm repell'd.

LXXXVI.

"Not long had Sancho worn the kingly crown
Ere Sylves heard him thundering at her gate,
While they whose toil the glebe around had sown,
The Moorish swains, foresaw their bitter fate:
A northern fleet at anchor off the town,
To help the Lusians disembark'd their freight
Of chosen men of arms, a welcome train
Bound eastward, lost Judea to regain.

LXXXVII.

"To speed red Fredèrick's emprize they sail'd,
Who with his sacred army hoped to win
The plains of Salem, ere the Turk prevail'd
Where Christ was sacrificed for human sin.
But Guido there by parching drought compell'd
Had yielded to the mighty Saladin;
Whose happier troops possess'd on every side
The waters to Jerusalem denied.

LXXXVIII.

"By hostile winds arrested in its course,
And driven to harbour within Tejo's bar,
The fair Armada with the Lusian force
Combined, for this too was a holy war:
By help thus wafted from a northern source,
As erst Lisböa to the father's star
Fell Sylves to the son's; and all its brave
Or sued for grace, or perish'd by the glaive.

LXXXIX.

"And if from Mohammed he plucks away
So many trophies, not the less he cares
Old wrongs on hardy Leon to repay,
A land accustom'd to the brunts of Mars.
He hastes on haughty Tuy's neck to lay
His yoke, and many a neighbouring city shares
Her fate, and many a high embattled tower,
All humbled, Sancho, by thy haughtier power.

XC.

"While thus he scaled the palmy hill of fame,
Death sprang upon him, eager for his fall.
His son Affonso, second of the name,
Third of our kings, restored the hopes of all:
'Twas his to obliterate the generous shame
Which blush'd for lost Alcaçere-do-Sal;
That oft-contested prize was now secure
By final extirpation of the Moor.

XCI.

"Affonso dead, the second Sancho reign'd,
A gentle easy Prince by minions fool'd;
The shadow of a sceptre he sustain'd
O'erruled by vassals whom in name he ruled;
For which another but too early gain'd
The regal staff he coveted to hold:
When evil ministers surround the throne
The king that suffers makes their crimes his own.

XCII.

"And yet no monster was this hapless king,
No Nero, who if chroniclers be just
Was none of Nature's making, but a thing
In Tartarus spawn'd and thence by demons thrust.
Nor Sancho's was the malice that could fling
The torch to lay his capital in dust;
Nor soft Assyrian Ibarite was he;
Nor type of Rome's imperial gluttony.

XCIII.

"Nor, like Sicilia's tyrants, did he load
The people with oppression's iron chain;
Nor meditate, like Phalaris, the mode
Of perfecting the dreadful arts of pain.
But used to princes on whom Heaven bestow'd
The sovereign mind that fits the kingly strain,
The haughty realm endures no meaner sway;
Who rules the people must be great as they.

XCIV.

"Affonso therefore; the Bolonian Count,
And brother of the monarch set aside,
Ere call'd by lineal right the throne to mount
Its power assumes till slothful Sancho died.
This prince a spirit brave and vigilant
First to secure the realm his cares applied,
Then to enlarge its limits, too confined
For tall ambition and his swelling mind.

XCV.

"Of both Algarves, his hymeneal dower,
The intrusive Paynims held an ample space:
By art belligerent and warlike power
He thence expell'd the Mars-forsaken race,
To seignorize that southern coast no more;
And Lusitania, freed from the disgrace
Of those brave tyrants, by a braver hand
Thenceforth was queen and mistress of the land.

XCVI.

"After this bold Affonso reign'd Dinìz,
A scion worthy of the parent root:
His large munificence, so fame decrees,
O'ershades the Macedonian's wide repute.
The prosperous realm beneath his auspices—
(For peace divine matured the golden fruit)
With laws, with order, and with arts was blest,
The shining products of a land at rest.

XCVII.

"He first in Coimbra fix'd for noble toil,
The Seers of Thought who Wisdom's law instil:
The muses to Mondego's fertile soil
First lured from Helicon's harmonious hill.
There high Apollo treasures Attic spoil
For youth that seeks it with a strenuous will;
There twines with gold the wreaths for brows serene
Of baccharis and laurel ever green.

XCVIII.

"New towns he built majestically plann'd,
And gallant towers and ponderous castles rear'd,
Till, with its pride of walls and domes the land
As if a realm reëdified appear'd.
But after Atropos, with tardy hand,
Had cut the thread of life so long revered,
His heir, the fourth Affonso, fill'd the throne,
A mighty monarch though a graceless son.

XCIX.

"He with a constant haughtiness serene
The pride would ever of Castile repress;
That Lusitania's strength might still be seen
To fear no greatness though its own were less.
But when the Mauritanian, with roused spleen,
The Hesperian soil prepared to repossess,
Threatening Castile with an o'erwhelming horde,
Forth to the rescue march'd the Lusian lord.

C.

"Indian Hydaspes saw not such a host
When proud Semiramis its plains o'erspread,
Nor fair Italia on her shuddering coast
So vast a horde from icy regions led
By Attila, self-styled in impious boast
'The scourge of God,' as now from Afric sped,
And with Granada's chivalry allied,
Menaced the vales Tartessian far and wide.

CI.

"Castile's high monarch, hopeless to sustain
The coming shock, unaided in the strife,
And fearing for a second fall of Spain,
A land far dearer to his heart than life,
Turn'd not his hope on Portugal in vain.
For thither sending his beloved wife,
The daughter of the prince whose aid he needs,
By those dear lips with double force he pleads.

CII.

"Once more the beautiful Maria stood
Within the palace where a child she play'd:
Sweet was her glance, but grief her eyes bedew'd
And down her cheeks the tear-drops glittering stray'd;
Her angel tresses as a golden flood
O'erswept her ivory shoulders. Sorrow made
Her beauty dearer in her father's sight,
Who listen'd to her voice with sad delight.

CIII.

"'Whatever nations of ferocious vein
Engenders Afric, nurse of homicides,
To seize and occupy illustrious Spain,
The imperial tyrant of Morocco guides.
So vast an army never scour'd the plain
Since earth was compass'd by the salt sea-tides;
So fierce and terrible, they strike with dread
The living and astound the very dead.

CIV.

"'Against this onslaught of the Paynim sword,
Too feeble for defence, in honour's van,
He whom thy pleasure made my wedded Lord
Is resolute to die, 'tis all he can;
Unless they succour to his hopes afford,
The Lusian arm that mocks the Prophet's ban;
Else wilt thou see thy child of fortune shorn,
A throneless, widow'd, exiled wretch forlorn.

CV.

"'Therefore, O king, for very dread of whom
The currents of Moluca do congeal,
Doubt not, delay not, to the rescue come
And win the blessing of distress'd Castile.
If that bright smile be true, it breaks the gloom,
That is a father's smile, affection's seal!
Haste, haste, my father; or thy speed restrain,
Then seek for him whom thou wouldst help, in vain.'

CVI.

"Maria pleaded with such trembling love,
Such soft and irresistible devotion,
As Venus importuned her parent Jove
For him of Troy, her son, the sport of ocean,
Till he whose thunder awes ev'n powers above,
Dropt the red bolt in his profound emotion,
And with a father's pity granted all,
And only grieved she ask'd a boon so small.

CVII.

"The banner'd trumpet hath a voice again,
Resounding down the hollow glens afar;
Hearts long unused to that inspiring strain
Leap at the summons to the ranks of war;
And lo, the squadron'd host in arms for Spain;
The neighing steeds array'd in battle-gear;
The blaze of armour, lances, swords and shields,
All glorious in the sun on Evora's fields.

CVIII.

"Majestical in stature as in place
Behold the valiant King Affonso riding
Amid his warriors, with a towering grace,
The royal banner o'er the pomp presiding:
If feebler spirits look but on his face
They scorn the fear that to their heart was gliding:
And thus he marshals towards the threaten'd scene
His gentle daughter, the Castilian Queen.

CIX.

"The Lusian and the Spaniard meet at last,
And join their forces on Tarifa's plain,
Fronting the heathen, for whose army vast
Too small an area seems the wide champaign:
And not a Christian now but looks aghast,
Howe'er so bold, on that enormous train;
Save only they who clearly understand
Christ fights the battle with his people's hand.

CX.

"The race of Hagar, while they laugh to scorn
The little phalanx doom'd to work their shame,
Already dream the land in portions torn,
The score dividing ere they win the game.
These vain pretenders of a bondmaid born,
Who boast the famous Saracenic name,
So with a vaunt as bare of truth, they call
Their own a noble realm that spurns them all.

CXI.

"As when the barbarous Gathite, huge of limb,
Not without cause the dread of Saul the king,
Seeing a youth advance in shepherd's trim,
With no defence but courage and a sling—
To dare Philistia's giant, even him,—
With tongue opprobious scoff'd the stripling thing,
Who whirl'd the thong and in a moment taught
How human strength to Faith opposed is nought.

CXII.

"So the malignant infidels deride
The Christian in the blindness of their souls,
And will not know that He is on his side
Whose might the horrent powers of Hell controls.
Strong in that aid against Morocco's tide
Castile the steady stream of battle rolls,
While on the warriors of Granada's crown
The Lusian like a torrent flashes down.

CXIII.

"Hark at the music of the clashing spears,
And swords on armour, clinking, dreadful strain!
Hark at the gallant foemen's rival cheers,
'Mohammed' for the Moor! 'Saint James' for Spain!
The shrieks of wounded men assault the spheres,
Their life-blood ebbing on the trampled plain.
Full many a wretch but half alive before,
Is smother'd, weltering in a slough of gore.

CXIV.

"In tens of thousands, spite of mail and targe,
Granada's warriors strew'd the bloody lea,
With such terrific force the Lusian charge
Had broken down the Alhambra's chivalry.
But vex'd so soon to have reap'd a field so large,
(For martial honour scorns facility)
In aid of brave Castile the strong-arm'd Lusian
Now turn'd his wrath against the stout Maurusian.

CXV.

"The sultry sun that rose upon the fight,
Now, near the home of Thetis, screen'd his ray,
And Vesper, brightening in her westward flight,
Shone on the setting of that famous day,
Before the Christian king had quell'd the might
Of that immense and barbarous array,
With tragic slaughter such as ne'er till then
Had drench'd the arena of contending men.

CXVI.

"The dead, when choked with dead the river rose
Where Marius bade his legions quench their thirst,
Equall'd in number not a fourth of those
Who died where this tremendous vengeance burst;
Nor they whom he, the vow'd one of the foes
To Rome, in Punic hatred born and nurst,
At Cannæ smote when Roman Knights were kill'd,
Whose rings alone three bushel measures fill'd.

CXVII.

"Or if, when Salem's holy walls were riven,
Down the dark river of eternal night,
As many of her spirits dark were driven,
The blind adherents to their ancient rite;—
Not thine, O Titus, but the arm of Heaven
Avenging smote the stiff-neck'd Israelite:
For this the Prophets had foreseen of old,
And this the true Messiah had foretold.

CXVIII.

"That great emprize achieved, the border-side
The king recross'd, and on a peaceful throne
The hardwon glories of his wars enjoy'd.
Alas, soon darken'd was his bright renown!
Darken'd for ever when his victim died
Who after burial wore an earthly crown.
Fit theme for Memory that disinters
The murder'd from their dreadful sepulchres.

CXIX.

"By Thee, O cruel love!—with strength insidious
On ruin ever human hearts compelling—
By Thee she died as if thy foe perfidious,
She whose pure bosom was thy surest dwelling.
False Tyrant, to the heart's best hopes invidious,
'Tis truly said that tears from fond eyes welling
Ne'er slaked thy thirst; for thou art ever seeking
With human blood to see thine altars reeking.

CXX.

"Beautiful Ignez, from the world apart,
In sweet fruition of thy youthful years,
While soft Mondego as he stole athwart
Thy path was brighten'd with thy happy tears,
Trusting that dear illusion of the heart
Which soon by Fortune's malice disappears,
Thou wert in whispers teaching hill and grove
The name engraven in thy breast by Love.

CXXI.

"And faithfully thy prince's heart replied,
Deep in his soul was tenderness as true;
And e'en when absence to his sight denied
Thy lovely eyes, he held thee still in view;
By night in vivid dreams that sweetly lied,
By day in thoughts that ever round thee flew:
And all his thoughts and visions fancy free
Were one delightful memory of thee.

CXXII.

"Illustrious beauties, dames of princely race,
In vain aspired to wed the royal heir:
True love, the slave of one bewitching face,
Can see no other that is half so fair.
The wary king, embarrass'd with the case,
And of his people's discontent aware,
Look'd on this passion with an old man's eye,
And doom'd the enchantress of his son to die.

CXXIII.

"The light extinguish'd of those eyes adored,
So might the prince's fantasy expire:
As if the blood of innocence out-pour'd
Could slake an inextinguishable fire!
What fury could consent that the keen sword
Which all the weight could bear of Moslem ire,
Should serve so savage and so mean a part
Against a weak defenceless woman's heart?

CXXIV.

"Grim emissaries dragg'd her to the king,
Who seeing, pitied:—but around him stood
His demons, an inexorable ring
Of false accusers clamorous for blood.
She, while her lips in prayer were quivering,
Prayer wrung from yearning love's solicitude
For those whom she must leave, her sons, her lord,
Whose grief cut deeper than the dreaded sword;

CXXV.

"With piteous tearful eyes beseeching gazed
Upon the crystal firmament awhile;—
Her eyes alone not hands to heaven were raised,
Restrain'd by one of the tormentors vile—
Then cast upon her infant sons amazed,
Orphans so soon to be, a fearful smile,
And, all the mother in her heart on fire,
She thus address'd the Father of their Sire.

CXXVI.

"'If savage brutes by instinct taught to slay,
By Nature's self instructed not to spare;
If vagrant birds that hovering watch for prey,
Or chase their quarry through the yielding air;
Touch'd with compassion have been known to pay
To babes forsaken all a nurse's care
(Witness Semiramis a desert-child,
And Rome's twin-founders suckled in the wild):

CXXVII.

"'O Thou whose looks are human, if indeed
Out of a human breast the thought could start,
That dooms a woman, young and weak, to bleed,
Only for having won her conqueror's heart,
Look on his babes! their innocence may plead,
Blind to the hapless mother's as thou art;
Though, pitiless, her death thou would'st decree,
Behold these infants and commiserate me.

CXXVIII.

"'And if thou knowest on thy foe the Moor
To deal avenging death by glaive and fire,
Know too the strength of mercy, and restore
Life unto one who merits not thine ire.
Or cast me forth on some terrific shore,
If innocence deserve a fate so dire,
To freeze in Scythia or in Lybia burn,
A weeping exile never to return.

CXXIX.

"'Place me where cruelty is nature's law,
With lions and with tigers: I may then
Learn whether woman's misery can awe
Wild beasts to mercy sought in vain of men.
There, with the will that love alone can draw
I'll rear my young, their nursery a den:
True till the last to him for whom I die,
Sad solace of a mother's agony.'

CXXX.

"The King was moved; those touching words inclined
His heart the cruel sentence to repeal;
But fierce accusers turn'd his wavering mind,
And her own destiny inflamed their zeal.
Forth leap the glittering swords of men who find
Pretext for murder in the public weal.
Out on ye, ruffians; swords against a dame!
Oh, unexampled butchers, knighthood's shame!

CXXXI.

"On mild Polyxena, the young and fair,
And last fond comfort of a mother old,
As ruthless Pyrrhus rush'd with weapon bare,
That so Achilles' shade might be consoled:
While she, with eyes whose beauty charm'd the air,
Meek as a lamb devoted from the fold,
Gazed on her parent frantic with the woe,
And unresisting took the fatal blow:

CXXXII.

"On Ignez thus the brute assassins fall;
The distant vengeance startles not their fears;
They dye their swords—and the white flowers that all
Beneath her yet were trembling from her tears—
With blood of her white neck; the column tall
Of that fair head whose charms in after years
Pursued her lover still, a haunting fate,
Until he crown'd her corse his queenly mate.

CXXXIII.

"Well mightest thou, O Sun! at such a sight
Thy course that day indignant have reversed;
As once recoil'd thy horror-stricken light
From vengeful Atreus and the feast accursed.
Ye hollow vales that shudder'd with affright,
The last shrill cry that from her anguish burst,
Her Pedro's name, invoked in death, ye heard,
And all your echoes trembled with the word.

CXXXIV.

"As when a girl to prank her glossy hair,
Caught with the morning lustre of a flower,
Some tender bud surpassing rich and rare,
Plucks in her haste, it withers in an hour,—
So perish'd Ignez, for a face too fair,
Bending beneath of death the ruthless power;
Gone from her cheek the hues that play'd at strife,
The white, the red, gone, gone with her sweet life.

CXXXV.

"Mondego's Naïads, long disconsolate,
Wept in remembrance of their Ignez dead,
And, for eternal memory of her fate,
Changed to a crystal spring the tears they shed.
That spring, from Ignez' loves and hapless state,
"The Fount of Love" they named by pity led.
Think how the flowers around that fountain gleam
Where tears the waters are, and love the name.

CXXXVI.

"Not long those mortal gashes call'd in vain
On Pedro their avenger: kingly power
Soon gave his arm the reach that dragg'd from Spain
The lurking butchers, to their final hour.
Another fiercer Pedro—for the twain
Were leagued like Rome's triumvirate of yore
In compact fatal to each other's foes—
Gave up the wretches, doom'd to bitter throes.

CXXXVII.

"While Pedro reign'd, within the Lusian bound
No grace for murder nor adultery then:
His proud indignant melancholy found
A solace in the pains of evil men:
On all the vices bred in courts he frown'd,
And camps and cities quail'd beneath his ken:
His justice swept more robbers from the land
Than wandering Theseus' or Alcides' hand.

CXXXVIII.

"Heir of this prince severely just, behold—
And mark how nature here is out of tune—
The careless, soft, remiss Fernando fold
His arms, while all the realm, laid open soon,
Is prey to the Castilian uncontroll'd;
Who devastates the land and shakes the throne,
Till Lisbon totters on her old foundation:
A feeble monarch makes a feeble nation.

CXXXIX.

"His weakness was perhaps the pain condign
For Leonora from her husband torn,
And wed, in mockery of law divine,
On blind pretences by the king forsworn:
Or haply to the age a warning sign
How vice degrades the heart unmann'd to scorn
In him that takes her lure: for still we find
A grovelling love debilitates the mind.

CXL.

"Those who surrender to that subtle shame
Their will, God surely visits for the sin;
The rape of Helena wrapt Troy in flame;
Appius and Tarquin were in fate akin.
For whom did sacred David blight his name?
How fell the illustrious tribe of Benjamin?
The king of Nile chastised for Sara's fear,
Shechem for Dina's wrong, are lessons clear.

CXLI.

"Would great and lofty breasts be warn'd to shun
The frenzy of incontinent desire,
Let them but look upon Alcmena's son;
Alcides spins in Omphale's attire!
By what was glorious Antony undone?
The swart Egyptian's wildering glance of fire;
The Apulian girl that conquer'd Hannibal
Saved Rome, and hurried Carthage to her fall.

CXLII.

"But who can say he ne'er was caught perchance
By Love that finely spreads his artful snare
'Mid living roses, and the lights which dance
On alabaster brow and auburn hair;
Ne'er felt the sorcery of a woman's glance,—
Say rather, a Medusa's awful air,
That strikes its spell of beauty through the frame,
The heart converting not to stone but flame.

CXLIII.

"Who can resist the softly stedfast gaze
Of Beauty, and her meek angelic smile,
Which drāws into itself the soul that plays
Too near the sweetness of that perfect guile?
He whom experience tells how love betrays
Will spare Fernando lest the bolt recoil:
But he whose heart as yet is fancy-free
Will judge more harshly, till he need the plea.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

"After the horrors of a storm at sea,
A howling tempest on a starless night,
A placid Morn allays the ruffled lea,
And hope reviving hails the port in sight:
As from the sun the ghostly shadows flee,
So from the mind ill omens wing their flight:
Thus with the realm it fared; a stormy tide
Preluded peace, when King Fernando died.

II.

"And if, for many a wrong and many a crime
By those vile minions of Fernando wrought,
Who knew with reptile subtlety to climb
And profit by their monarch's lack of thought;—
We look'd for an avenger, little time
The keen resentment of the nation sought
The man: of birth illicit,—but true son
Of Pedro, John was lifted to the throne.

III.

"Illustrious ever, and by heavenly choice
Made Pedro's heir, as wonders plainly preach,
As when in Evora in words precise
An infant named him ere the time of speech:
The cradled babe upstood, and hand and voice
Exalting, Heaven's undoubted will to teach,
Twice in clear accents thus was heard to call:
'Don John is the new king of Portugal!'

IV.

"The people, changed in nature by the hate
That long had fill'd and now o'erflow'd its fount,
Let loose their ire; and savage as irate,
All common bounds to cruelty surmount;
Wherever they can find they immolate
The friends and kindred of the adulterous Count,
And Queen, whose bold incontinence was more
In widowhood apparent than before.

V.

"But he by guilt dishonour'd was at last
Stabb'd coldly to the heart before her eyes;
And the wild flame of vengeance spread so fast
The guiltless sank in the same sacrifice:
One like Astyanax from a tower is cast,
A sacred mitred priest: an abbess dies
Even at the shrine she clasp'd in hope forlorn:
Some, dragg'd along the streets, are piecemeal torn.

VI.

"The ghastly massacres that Rome beheld
When Marius plunged among her startled crowd,
The deeds of Sylla, when, his foe expell'd,
He walk'd in blood, oblivion now may shroud!
Queen Leonore, whose heart with anguish swell'd
For her dead Count, proclaim'd her grief aloud,
And call'd Castile to seize the Lusian throne,
Asserted heirdom of her child alone.

VII.

"That child was Beatrice; through whom her spouse
The king Castilian to the crown pretends;
Fernando's daughter she, if fame allows
A claim that grave suspicion reprehends.
Ambitious hopes the pleased Castilian rouse,
In arms he answers to the call, and blends
In force compact his various strength of war;
His vassals, and auxiliaries afar.

VIII.

"From all the land whose name is blindly traced
To Brigus, name itself in darkness hid;
From regions whence the tyrant Moor was chased
By Ferdinand and Roderick the Cid,
They come, with them whose plough compell'd the waste
Of Leon to be fertile; men who bid
Defiance to all danger, as of yore
They proved their hardihood against the Moor.

IX.

"The Vandals glorying in ancestral worth
And courage, still maintain'd in honour clear,
From Andalusia's hills are marching forth
And levels water'd by Guadalquivír:
The noble islanders who boast their birth
From Tyrian settlers, don their martial gear,
Alcides' pillars on their flag display'd
Symbols of strength by labour undismay'd.

X.

"Forth came Toledo's men: that noble town
Whose walls are lapt in Tagus' bland embrace—
From Cuença's mountains glides the river down,
And forms a glory round the reverend place.
You too, undaunted by the peril known,
You, O Galicians, hard and selfish race,
In arms advance to try one struggle more
With foes encounter'd to your cost before.

XI.

"And Biscay's sons, of polish'd arts incurious,
Churlish of speech, and sudden to requite
A stranger's evil turn or taunt injurious,
Are beckon'd by the furies to the fight.
The men of Guipuscoa and Asturias
Obey the summons with a fierce delight,
Proud of their iron mines that give them swords
Wherewith in warfare to assist their lords.

XII.

"But John, whose vigour from his spirit grew,
As Hebrew Samson's from his unshorn hair,
Though all the realm's defenders seem'd but few,
Resolved the many with the few to dare:
In council round him the chief lords he drew,
Not that he needed guidance, but aware
How judgments swerve as interests divide,
Him it imports to know what they decide.

XIII.

"There lack not those who fain would disconcert
And turn opinion from the patriot cause;
The native spirit is in them inert,
With frost impervious to the zeal that thaws:
Their fears to base disloyalty pervert
The genuine sense of ancient honour's laws.
False to their country they betray the throne,
And would, to serve their ends, their God disown.

XIV.

"But never could such fatal errors blind
Dom Nuno Alvarez, the brave and true:
Against those people of unstable mind—
Upbraiding all the miserable crew
In words more roughly honest than refined,
Although his brothers on the list he knew—
His hand upon his sword, his wrath he hurl'd,
Defying earth and ocean and the world.

XV.

"'What! on the glorious soil that gave us birth
Breathes there a man who shuns the patriot war?
Hath Portugal, the warrior-queen of earth,
A son who would desert her? What! so far
Lost to all faith, love, courage, inbred worth,
And skill to do as well as strength to dare,
That he, for any vile respect of gain
Or ease, would yield his country to the chain.

XVI.

"'How! are ye not descendants then of those
Who under great Henriquez' standard knew
So well by valour and the force of blows
This same belligerent people to subdue,
Scatter'd in hopeless rout, unnumber'd foes
And flaunting banners to their boast untrue?
Seven captive earls were trophies of the day,
And spoils uncounted round the victors lay.

XVII.

"'What kept these men who have you at their feet
Prostrate so long at those of great Dinìz
And his brave son? What but the noble heart
Of your bold fathers? Though the careless ease,
Or worse example, of Fernando beat
Your courage down so low, your curvëd knees
Now straighten; let a new prince give them spring,
If people alter as they change their king.

XVIII.

" 'And such a king in him we now proclaim
Ye have, that if his valour were your own
At universal conquest ye might aim,
How much more cope with these so oft o'erthrown?
But if with this in fine ye cannot shame
Out of your souls the fear that holds them prone,
Let fear tie up your hands: tempt not a stroke;
I will, alone, resist a foreign yoke.

XIX.

" 'I, with my vassals and with this good blade'—
And here he half unsheath'd his sword—'will guard
The realm, yet never by the stranger sway'd,
From all intrusion insolent and hard.
In virtue of the king, and realm betray'd,
Firm to the loyalty which you discard,
Conquer these stiff antagonists will I,
And all that dare my monarch to defy.'

XX.

" As when the Romans in Canusium pent,
Sole remnant from that memorable field
At Cannæ, quailing under the portent
Of Afric fortune, were about to yield,
Young Scipio forced them to a noble bent,
And made them vow upon his sword to wield
Their arms for Rome, nor in the struggle pause
While life was left them to defend her cause.—

XXI.

"Thus with the threats that goad, the hopes that cheer,
Fierce Nuno urged his listeners, till at last
His voice dissolved the cold untimely fear
That held their spirit in its clutch so fast.
To horse they vault, and brandishing the spear
In airy circles as they clatter past,
Hither and thither speed; their rallying cry,
'Long live the king that gives us liberty!'

XXII.

"The shouting populace approve the war
That saves their threaten'd country from disgrace;
The sturdier hands refurbish and repair
Their arms, corroded by the rust of peace,
Reline their morions, test their mail with care;
And, each equipp'd as suits his own caprice,
They muster;—vestures of a thousand hues
Are gay with symbols such as lovers use.

XXIII.

"With all this gay militia John the Brave
Forth from Abrantes sallied to the plain,—
Abrantes, freshen'd by the copious wave
Of Tagus, widening from its fount in Spain.
The conduct of his central force he gave
To one who might have led, and not in vain,
The powerful eastern armies, without count,
With which king Xerxes pass'd the Hellespont.

XXIV.

"'Twas Nuno Alvarez, the peerless Don
Whom men the scourge of proud Castile may call
As truly as of old the fatal Hun
Was styled the scourge of Italy and Gaul.
The Lusian dexter wing was led by one
Fit for the trust, a soldier all in all,
A cavalier to fight and rule a fight,
Mem Rodrigues de Vasconcellos hight.

XXV.

"By Anton Vasques of Almada led,
Advanced the left and corresponding wing,
(Count of Abranches, when the cause had sped,
This chief became; of virtue honour's spring:)
A stout reserve supports the whole; o'erhead
The tower and quinas, banner of the king,
Tell where he moves, prepared on every part
To rival Mars himself in martial art.

XXVI.

"Above the ramparts thrill'd with hopeful fear,
Stood gazing trembling as their warriors past,
Brides, sisters, mothers, maidens fond and dear,
Preferring vows of pilgrimage, and fast:
Already draw the hostile armies near
One to another—fortune's die is cast;
The Spaniard greets us with a stunning shout:
But either side attends the event in doubt.

XXVII.

"The blattering trumpets, challengers of war,
The shrilling fifes and rattling drums, reply;
The standard-bearers proudly wave in air
Their storied ensigns wrought in many a dye.
'Twas in the season when the solar star
Salutes Astræa in an ardent sky,
When Ceres' gifts are stored by swains robust,
And Bacchus presses out the luscious must.

XXVIII.

"Castile the signal gave: a blast she blew
Which smote on rough Artabor's mountain chain,
That trumpet-blast the Guadiana knew,
And back recoil'd, so horrent was the strain:
The Douro heard and Alemtejo too;
And startled Tagus hurried to the main:
Pale mothers listen'd in dismay, and prest
Their little children closer to the breast.

XXIX.

"And many a manly cheek turn'd pale too then,
But 'twas no dastard blood that sought the heart,
For oft when mighty danger comes on men,
The danger puts all sense of it apart;
Or, if not so, yet thus it seems; and when
To battle roused the fiery passions start,
The soldier feels not, though his fate be near,
That limbs are fragile, and that life is dear.

XXX.

"A wing of either host the fight began:
Both to the doubtful struggle bravely go,
These to assoil their country from the ban
Of aliens, those to crush it at a blow.
The great Pereira, summing in one man
An army's valour, first amazed the foe,
Struck down the foremost that his anger braved,
And with their corses strew'd the land they craved.

XXXI.

"Now whizzing arrows through the darken'd air,
And shafts of every length, are on the wing;
Beneath the iron tramp of steeds of war
The plain is trembling and the valleys ring;
Now lances shock and splinter, armours jar
And fall with crashlike thunder. Foemen spring
Fast as their ranks are thinn'd by Nuno's band,
And strength of numbers wearies strength of hand.

XXXII.

"And lo, against him come his brothers twain:
Thing dark and monstrous; but his mind is known—
That even a brother may be justly slain,
When traitor to his nation and the throne.
Among the leading combatants for Spain
Is many a renegade against his own
Brothers and father fighting—strange to thought!
As when the Cæsar and great Pompey fought.

XXXIII.

"O thou, Sertorius! Coriolanus, thou
High-hearted traitor! Catiline, and all
Ye who could once your country disavow
With impious heart, or meditate her fall;
If for your crime ye suffer, e'en till now,
The rigorous sentence of the Prince of Hell,
Tell your stern judge that Lusitania too
Has foster'd sons unnatural as you.

XXXIV.

"By multitudes beset our vanguard reels,
But Nuno stands between them and their fears.
As the majestic lion of the hills
Of Ceuta when the Tetuan cavaliers
Around him close, with wrath indignant thrills,
And, compass'd by a glittering ring of spears,
Askance regards them, as he stands at bay,
In perturbation that is not dismay:

XXXV.

"His eyes terrific glare with troubled light,
But his wild nature and his wrath disdain
Retreat; where lances bristle thickest, right
Among them suddenly he springs amain:
So paused, so raged the formidable knight,
And stain'd with hostile blood the grassy plain,
Avenging well his dead and dying brave,
Whom, prest by numbers, valour could not save.

XXXVI.

"Not unperceived was Nuno's perilous strait
By John, the vigilant chief, a king indeed—
His eye was everywhere, his voice elate
To rouse the heart, his presence sure at need.
As when a lioness that prowl'd to sate
Her hungry whelps, back to their lair at speed
Return'd, discovers that her young were then
Lurch'd by some swain Massylian from the den.

XXXVII.

"She runs, she bounds, she raves, and with her cries
The seven brother mountains echoing shake.
So to the rescue of his vanguard flies
The King, his chosen escort at his back,
And shouts, 'O comrades, forward to the prize
Of honour! rally for your country's sake;
Her hope of liberty is in your lance;
Strike for your own dear land's deliverance.

XXXVIII.

"'Behold me here, your king, companion, friend,
Among the spears, and shafts, and mail, of these
Your foe-men; with and for you I contend
The first; come on, true-hearted Portuguese.'
New force the words and his example lend:
Four times he poised his lance, and then with ease
Impetuous hurl'd: and when that lance was cast
Full many a bold Castilian breathed his last.

XXXIX.

"For lo, his hearers touch'd with noble fire,
And glowing with an honourable shame,
Vied who should most effect the fierce desire
To conquer dangers in the martial game.
Home through the breast-plate, on the sheet of wire
Pierced the bright steel and out empurpled came;
Wounds they received and took with equal will,
As if 'twere pastime to be kill'd or kill.

XL.

"At every lance's thrust one spectre more
Rejoiced the insatiate ferryman of hell:
Down sending crowds of angry ghosts before,
The master fierce of Calatrava fell;
And St. Iago's, stricken to the core,
Died for the cause that he had served too well:
Blaspheming Heaven and fate, the renegades,
Pereira's kinsmen, flitted to the shades.

XLI.

"The nameless brave whom Fame forgets to note
Pell-mell with nobles to that gulf are hurl'd,
Where howls the monster of the triple throat
For spirits passing from this pregnant world.
And lo, the banner that so proudly smote
The air, the insulting flag, so late unfurl'd
To menace Lusitania, at her feet
Lies prostrate, Spain's discomfiture complete.

XLII.

" Here the hot battle madden'd to a hell
Of death, and clamour, gashes, groans, and blood,
So vast a concourse round that banner fell
That not a flower its native colour show'd,
Till rage exhausted, saw no foe to quell,
Nor need of spear the panic flight to goad:
Castilia's king the hopeless rout beheld,
And left with alter'd mind the fatal field.

XLIII.

" He left it to the conqueror, content
That death had miss'd the mover of the strife;
His broken squadrons vanish'd, terror lent
Wings to their feet, so dear is worthless life.
Though thought of honour lost, of treasure spent,
Was anguish keener than the mortal knife;
And, worse than all, the stinging thought of those
Who revell'd in the spoil and mock'd their woes.

XLIV.

" Some go invoking curses on the soul
Of him who first made war upon his kind,
And others imprecate as bitter dole
On selfish leaders of obdurate mind,
Who, to allay ambition's thirst, cajole
Their wretched people to perdition blind;
Nor heed how many wives are widow'd left,
How many mothers of their sons bereft.

XLV.

"Upon the battle-field the accustom'd days
Remain'd in glory great the victor John;
And then with offerings, pilgrimage, and praise,
Gave thanks to God through whom the day was won.
But Nuno, who demands no other ways
Whereby his name to aftertimes may run
But those by sovereign valour open'd out,
Across the Tagus follow'd up the rout.

XLVI.

"True was the star that cheer'd his spirit on;
His hope and fortune march'd with equal speed;
He reach'd the Vandal frontier, and anon
Both spoil and triumph were the hero's meed.
Sevilla's banner droop'd; nor that alone
But many a Bætic flag that took the lead,
Prone in the dust confess'd its champion lord
No match for Portugal's avenging sword.

XLVII.

"His rash defiance the Castilian rued,
By these and other victories oppress;
At length, for both were weary of the feud,
The victor gladly gave the vanquish'd rest,
After the Sire Omnipotent bestow'd
Two royal sisters,—fairest, noblest, best,
Of all that England held by joint accord,—
On our brave king and the Castilian lord.

XLVIII.

"But valour, long inured to martial toil,
Soon tires of ease, impatient for a foe;
And, finding none on his paternal soil,
Across the sea resolved the king to go;
First of our kings that sought, by prize and spoil,
Of Mauritanian towns and fields to show
To Afric's sons how little virtue hath
Their Koran tested by the spear of faith.

XLIX.

"Behold, across the Strait where Tethys raves,
A navy, for Alcides' Pillars bound!
A thousand birds that skim the silver waves!
And soon the heights of Abyla are crown'd
With Christian banners; and the Prophet's slaves
Expell'd from noble Ceuta's walls, that frown'd
So long on Spain, which now shall fear no more
A recreant Julian on that evil shore.

L.

"Death claim'd at last, yet all too soon, a king,
So long the hero of his people's love,
And freed the spirit that it could not sting,
To join in choral harmonies above.
Yet that his people 'neath the sheltering wing
Of Heaven remain'd, his sons were left to prove;
A race of princes worthy of command,
And doom'd to widen and exalt the land.

LI.

"Though not exempt from sorrow were the days
When royal Edward held the power supreme;
For peevish Time at good and evil plays,
And woe and joy are as the cloud and gleam:
Who knows the charm of happiness that stays?
And when was Fortune firmer than a dream?
Change is her law, and, though this realm and king
Were spared the worst her changes often bring,—

LII.

"An anguish deep was his. Fernando's fate;
That saintly brother, so sublimely brave!
Who bound himself to Saracenic hate,
His lost and hopeless countrymen to save;
And held no sacrifice for them too great,
But born a prince, resolved to die a slave,
Rather than Ceuta should his ransom be,
And public weal be tax'd to set him free!

LIII.

"That Sparta might not conquer Codrus died;
So Athens triumph'd, by her monarch slain;
Lest Rome should lose in honour or in pride,
Old Regulus resumed the Punic chain:
This royal youth a lingering suicide
By Moorish thraldom chose for ease of Spain;
Codrus did less than that; the Decii less;
And Curtius, wondrous for devotedness.

LIV.

"The realm's sole heir Affonso (happy name
In arms in our Hesperia) trampled down
And turn'd to abject misery and shame
The Moslem's pride barbaric. This renown
Were that which an unconquer'd knight might claim,
But for his swoop to clutch Castilia's crown.
Afric will say,—'twas false, no living thing
Could ever vanquish the terrific king.'

LV.

"He pluck'd the golden apples from the bough,
By none but the Tyrinthian reach'd before:
He laid a yoke, unbroken e'en till now,
Upon the shoulders of the sturdy Moor:
He wreathed with palm and bay his kingly brow
By victories that crush'd the barbarous power
In strong Alcaçer, populous Tangier,
And tough Arzilla, fenced by many a spear.

LVI.

"Those stubborn holds of strength by storm were taken;
Their adamantine battlements down fell,
When by the strenuous rage of heroes shaken,
Accustom'd all impediments to quell,
Marvels were wrought that might to song awaken
The master-spirits of the lyric shell
In praise of cavaliers whose deeds of glory
Enrich the lustre e'en of Lusian story.

LVII.

"But, later,—by ambition goaded on,
The sweet and bitter pain that conquerors feel,—
He challenged Ferdinand of Aragon
Touching the potent kingdom of Castile;
Whose haughty various races thereupon,
A wrathful multitude to arms appeal;
For all obey'd King Ferdinand's decrees
From Cadiz to the cloud-capt Pyrenees.

LVIII.

"Within the realm an idler to remain
Brook'd not the Infante John, and forth at speed
He march'd, his sire ambitious to sustain;
Nor little was the help, for great the need.
From out the bloody coil on Toro's plain
Affonso came, with shatter'd ranks indeed,
Yet with a front not troubled but serene,
For victory paused the rival hosts between;

LIX.

"And he, his gentle, gallant, high-soul'd son,
The very model of a perfect knight,
After his work upon the foe was done
A full day rested on the field of fight.
So, by Octavius lost, the day was won
By Anthony his comrade, in the right
Of sacred vengeance, on Philippi's plain,
To soothe the ghost of Cæsar foully slain.

LX.

"Through night, blind medium of all mortal things,
When pass'd Affonso to eternal day,
On this brave prince, thirteenth of Lusian kings,
Our second John, devolved the regal sway.
He for immortal glory, to the springs
Of purple morning first devised the way,
Conceived the task, too bold for man terrene,
Which now is mine, and mine so long has been.

LXI.

"He sent explorers forth, who past athwart
Spain, France, and ever famous Italy.
There they embark'd at the renownëd port
Where buried lay the false Parthenope;
Fair Naples, which so long was Fortune's sport,
So oft some new assailant's slippery fee,
Until the lordly Spaniard fix'd her fate
And made her glorious in her last estate.

LXII.

"Along the sea Sicilian to the isle
Of sandy-margin'd sunny Rhodes they go;
Then o'er the banks of Alexandria toil,
Famed for the death of Magnus, Cæsar's foe;
To Memphis next, and lands that by the Nile
Nourish'd, rejoicing in his overflow;
Thence, beyond Egypt, to those Ethiop heights
Where Christian faith preserves its sacred rites.

LXIII.

"They sail'd across the waters Erythræan
Where shipless Israel walk'd with sandals dry;
They left behind the mountains Nabathæan
That owe their name to Ishmael's progeny;
They past the odoriferous coast Sabæan
Where Myrrha's tears perennial balm supply;
By all the shores of Araby the blest
They wound, the Stony leaving and the Waste.

LXIV.

"The Persian Strait they enter'd from the shore
Where Babel noise yet rings in fancy's ear,
There Tigris and Euphrates mingling pour
Their waters, proud of Eden fountains clear:
Thence, by the sea that Trajan past not o'er,
The strenuous men in quest of Indus steer
Translucent river, destined to supply
Eventful themes for ample history.

LXV.

"They sojourn'd among nations strange that dwell
In Kerman and the palmy Farsistan,
Peculiar arts and customs noting well
Devized in various climes by various men.
But to retrace such ways by flood and fell
Is more than Fortune wills or Nature can:
Their own loved country never saw them more,
Prisoners of Death upon a distant shore.

LXVI.

"Perhaps for great Emanuël alone
Has Heaven the full accomplishment design'd
Of this high effort, as a gracious boon
And meed of virtues in his heart enshrined:
Emanuël, John's successor on the throne,
And heir of all the grandeur of his mind.
Not by the sceptre only would he reign,
But grasp the trident too and rule the main:—

LXVII.

"For he was haunted by the lofty sense
Of kingly obligation, the bequest
Of predecessors who with love intense
Lived for their country. That high thought possest
His soul, nor ever for a moment thence
Was banish'd; not when day behind the west
Retired and planets brighten'd as they rose,
Nor when they set, persuading to repose.

LXVIII.

"Reclined upon his golden couch, the nest
Where anxious thoughts are certain most to brood,
He lay revolving the sublime behest
Of his great office and illustrious blood;
Until at length, by lassitude opprest,
He slept,—but in that visionary mood
When Morpheus keeps the conscious heart awake,
And all his changing shapes the senses take.

LXIX.

"Wrapt into upper air the monarch soar'd
Until he touch'd upon the primal sphere,
And thence new worlds and marvellous explored
Alive with men to wonder at and fear;
And far away as sight could travel toward
The birth-place of the star that lights the year,
Two vast and hoary mountains he beheld,
From which two clear and lofty fountains welled.

LXX.

"Fierce birds and beasts, and herds of brutes uncouth,
Were dwellers in the lofty wilderness:
To breathing things less rough than they, forsooth,
The churlish mountains suffer'd not access,
For thousand trees opposed their serried growth
With brambles shagg'd and creepers numberless.
'Twas plain no human foot had trod, therein
Since Paradise was lost by Adam's sin.

LXXI.

"From out those fountains seem'd to issue then,
Advancing to him with gigantic stride,
Two very ancient venerable men
Of noble aspect, dash'd with rustic pride.
Dripp'd from their drenchèd locks the water sheen
Adown their vasty limbs on every side
Thick matted beards, but long and silver-white,
Flow'd o'er their tawny breasts like streams of light.

LXXII.

"Their temples with wild coronals were bound,
Mysterious wreaths of boughs and herbs unknown.
One weary seem'd, as if from other ground
He came and thence had travell'd far alone.
His flood too roll'd with other force and sound,
As though from some remoter fount come down,
So stole from Arcady to Syracuse
Alpheus to rejoin his Arethuse.

LXXIII.

"And he, the graver elder of the twain,
The King thus greeted, shouting from afar:
'O thou, the Monarch for whose crown and reign
Regions immense reserved and destined are,
We, whose renown is known to land and main,
We, yet untaught a stranger's yoke to bear,
Unwilling come to tell thee 'tis thy time
To claim vast tribute of our gorgeous clime.

LXXIV.

"'I am illustrious Ganges; my true fount
Is in the hidden groves of Paradise:
And this, O King! is Indus; from the mount
He springs which yonder stands before thine eyes:
On many a deadly struggle must thou count
Ere we are thine; persist and win the prize.
By matchless victories thy constant arm
Shall tame the nations that beneath thee swarm.'

LXXV.

"No more the sacred Sire of Rivers spoke:
And both were in an instant lost to sight.
Thrill'd with strange wonder king Emanuël woke,
And mind exalted to sublimer height;
Just as the day array'd in glory broke
Startling the drowsèd hemisphere with light
While morning o'er the horizon scatter'd flowers,
All rosy-red and fresh from Eden's bowers.

LXXVI.

"To council then the monarch call'd his peers,
And told his wondrous vision; every word
Reciting of the solemn man of years.
With grave delight the admiring magnates heard;
And all alike interpreting the Seer's
Oracular voice, advised with one accord,
To send a navy mann'd with spirits true
To tempt new seas in quest of regions new.

LXXVII.

"I—whose foreboding heart would still project
Great things like this, as if for me design'd,
But who had scarcely hoped to give effect
To such ambitious longings of my mind,—
I know not for what reason, what respect,
Or what good omen in my star divined,
The king entrusted to my hands the key
Of this reluctant stubborn mystery.

LXXVIII.

"With bland caressing urgency of speech,
The most potential argument of kings,
He thus address'd me: 'Glory, hard to reach,
Is only gain'd by toil and sufferings.
Life nobly lost is honour won; and each
New peril bravely met a guerdon brings.
He whom no sordid fears of death dismay
Has life within him charm'd against decay.

LXXIX.

"'Thou art my chief elect for this emprize,
A noble task, and therefore thine by right.
A trust of ponderous burthen on thee lies,
But thou, I know, for me will deem it light.'—
I could endure no more: my heart replies,
'O Sovereign Liege, 'twere gratitude so slight
To dare all climes, all perils, for my king;
I grieve that life is but so mean a thing.

LXXX.

"'Bid me confront adventures, for thy sake,
Hard as Eurystheus on Alcides laid:
The lion of Nemæa, Lerna's snake,
The boar of Erymanth, the Harpies dread;
Where Dis sits awful by the Stygian Lake
Bid me explore the vague and spectral shade:
From greater peril nor from greater toil,
For thee, O King! my heart and soul recoil.'

LXXXI.

"Right royally he thank'd me; gifts of price
And words more precious far, reward my zeal:
Virtue is quicken'd by the cheering voice;
Praise is the spur that noble spirits feel.
Fraternal love and gallant avarice
Of honours and enduring fame compel
My brother, Paul da Gama, at my side
To share the hazards of a chartless tide.

LXXXII.

"And Nicholas Coelho shares them too,
A man of toils, and patient to endure.
Both are of spirit resolute and true,
In arms experienced, and in council sure.
Then youths of promise I around me drew,
Whose growing courage challenged Fortune's lure;
Heroic natures all, as plainly told
Their free adventure on a course so bold.

LXXXIII.

"Favours to these with liberal hand disbursed
The King to stimulate their loyalty,
And cheer'd with lofty praises to the worst
That might betide their arduous errantry.
Thus in that bark prophetical, the first
That ever tempted the Thalassian sea,
The Mynian youth to win the Golden Fleece
Wide sent the glorious Argonauts of Greece.

LXXXIV.

"Impatient of its moorings, in the port
Of famous Ulysséa, where the tides
Of the salt sea with Tagus blend, and sport
O'er his bright sands, our little navy rides,
Afret upon the cable. Not a heart
Of all my young adventurers but chides
Delay; soldier and seaman, one and all,
Prompt through the world to follow at my call.

LXXXV.

"The troops, apparell'd in their bravery gay
And showy pomp of arms, adorn'd the shore;
Nor less equipt with inward strength were they
For search of distant worlds. Our brave ships wore
Their banners flying, with the breeze at play;
And look'd as if, their ocean labours o'er,
Like Argo they might shine among the stars,
And be the lights of future mariners.

LXXXVI.

"All preparations made that might suffice
So long a voyage, we prepared our souls
For death, still present to the seaman's eyes,
On every billow that before him rolls.
To that High Power whose glance alone supplies
Life to the angelic myriads he controls,
We knelt and pray'd; imploring Him to guide
And bless us launching on a gulf so wide.

LXXXVII.

"Thus we departed from the sacred fane
That sits upon the margin of the sea,
Named for example to the proud and vain,
From Bethlehem, where God, our souls to free,
Assumed the bonds of flesh. I scarce restrain
My tears, O King! I do aver to thee,
When I remember how I left that shore,
In doubt, in trouble, for the charge I bore.

LXXXVIII.

"The people of the city on that day,
Some for their kindred, others for their friends,
The mass in idle wonder, throng'd the way,
With gloomy looks rebuking hopeless ends;
While we, escorted by a long array,
A thousand holy friars, o'er the sands
In solemn slow procession seaward trod,
And hymn'd our fervent orisons to God.

LXXXIX.

"The multitude already deem'd us lost
In the long mazes of a barren chase:
The wails of women sadden'd all the coast,
Mix'd with the groans of men, a dismal base.
Brides, mothers, sisters, as they loved the most,
With deepest anguish sought a last embrace:
And hopeless while in presence of their own,
Mourn'd the departing as for ever gone.

XC.

"One following cried: 'O son, on whom my hope
Reposed complacent for its comfort, sole
And dear support adown the painful slope
Of weary days that now must end in dole,—
Why dost thou leave me all alone to cope
With age and wretchedness, so near my goal?
Why wilt thou go to find a stormy grave,
And feed the latent reptiles of the wave?'

XCI.

"Another, with hair loose: 'O heart-loved spouse!
Forlorn of whom love wills not I should live,
What frenzy to the rage of ocean vows
A life which is my own, not thine to give?
Our home delights—canst thou abandon those,
To roam the wilds, a homeless fugitive?
Dost thou forget our love, our peace? Are they
Sport for the winds that waft the sails away?'

XCII.

"Old men that creep as if they read the ground,
And little children, tottering as they go,
In imitation of the mourners round
Lament, for sorrows deeper than they know:
The neighbouring mountains murmur'd back the sound,
As if to pity moved for human woe.
Uncounted as the grains of golden sand
The tears of thousands fell on Belem's strand.

XCIII.

"We not so much as dared to lift our eyes
To wife or mother in their sad estate,
Lest at the threshold of our enterprise
The heart should waver from its purpose great.
So to embark my strength I ruled it wise,
Evading thus a tender custom's weight,
The last farewell, the pang that courts delay,
A sting to those that go, and those that stay.

XCIV.

"But an old man of venerable look,
Who stood among the people on the shore,
Fasten'd his gaze upon us, and thrice shook
His brow, in token of displeasure sore;
And, clearly heard by us afloat, he spoke,
From a full heart and skill'd in worldly lore,
In deep slow tones this solemn warning fraught
With wisdom by long-suffering only taught:

XCV.

"'O passion of dominion! O fond lust
Of that poor vanity which men call Fame!
O treacherous appetite, whose highest gust
Is vulgar breath that taketh honour's name!
O fell ambition, terrible but just
Art thou to breasts that cherish most thy flame!
Brief life for them is peril, storm, and rage,
This world a hell and death their heritage.

XCVI.

" 'Shrewd prodigal! whose riot is the dearth
Of states and principalities opprest;
Plunder and rape are of thy loathly birth;
Thou art alike of life and soul the pest.
High titles greet thee on this slavish earth;
Yet none so vile but they would fit thee best:
But Fame forsooth and Glory thou art styled,
And the blind herd is by a sound beguiled.

XCVII.

" 'Ah, whither wilt thou lead us now astray,
Bent as thou art the fated land to wrong?
To what new forms of pain and death betray
With sounding names enticing us along?
What golden mines, what gorgeous realms of day,
Are now the promise of thy facile tongue?
What wondrous victories, what pomps of glory,
Ovations, triumphs, palms, immortal story?

XCVIII.

" 'But ye! O sprung of that insensate man,
Whose sin of disobedience on his race
A double curse entail'd; the bitter ban
Of exile from his primal home—(the place
Where earth was racy of its Maker's plan)—
With loss of innocence and heavenly grace;
For sinless calm, bequeathed you guilt and rage,
An age of iron for a golden age!

XCIX.

"'Since in this rampant vanity ye find
A charm that ravishes your fancy light;
Since brutal rage and fierceness to your mind
Are noble energy and valour bright;
And since the loftiest virtue of mankind
Ye deem contempt of life, in nature's spite;
Of life, that should be held a trust divine,
For He who gave it shudder'd to resign:

C.

"'Is not the Son of Ishmael close at hand,
With whom ye may play out your bloody game?
Follows he not the Arabian's doctrine bann'd,
If infidels to Christ ye would reclaim?
Holds he not thousand cities, endless land,
If wealth and lordly fiefdoms be your aim?
Is he not stout of heart and strong of arm,
If honour, and not plunder, be the charm?

CI.

"'Leave you a foe increasing at your gate,
To seek another over seas so wide,
For whom this ancient realm made desolate,
Drain'd of its strength, in ruin shall subside?
Court you a peril dark, an unknown fate,
That fame may flatter and exalt your pride,
Proclaiming you, with liberal pomp of words,
Of Ethiop, Ind, Arabia, Persia, lords?

CII.

"'Curst be the man who first forsook the ground,
And fasten'd canvas to a sapless tree!
Worthy of anguish in the pit profound,
If that true faith I hold religion be.
May never judgment lofty and fecund
Nor vivid genius grace his memory,
Nor sonorous harp his bad exploit proclaim
But black oblivion shroud himself and name!

CIII.

"'Prometheus stole from Day's crystalline car
Heaven's fire, his bust of clay to animate;
Sad error! for the fire enkindled war
And the worst passions that disgrace our state.
Son of Iäpetus, how better far
For us, and for the world more fortunate,
Had thy famed statue never known a flame,
Which, got by sacrilege, a curse became!

CIV.

"'Then had not wretched Phaëton desired
The blazing chariot of the sun to guide,
Nor Icarus in impious flight aspired,
And left their stories to the stream and tide.
By steel untamed, by heat and cold untired,
Through fire and water, man's audacious pride
Will shrink from nothing that is badly great:
Mysterious frenzy! miserable fate!'

CANTO THE FIFTH.

I.

"The man of honour'd years in words like these
Yet stood declaiming, when we open'd out
Our wings to the bland wafture of the breeze,
And left the much-loved harbour. With devout
Observance of a custom of the seas,
At setting sail, to heaven we raised the shout
'God speed our voyage!'—Soon the masts confess
With creaking sway the wind's accustom'd stress.

II.

"The light of inextinguishable ray
The fierce Nemæan beast was entering now;
Our timeworn planet, verging on decay,
Revolved in its sixth age, infirm and slow,
And fifteen hundred years, less three, the day
(Since Christ assumed the bonds of human woe)
Had duly travell'd his ecliptic round
When sailed the fleet on this adventure bound.

III.

"By little and by little, lost we sight
Of those loved hills that guard the parent strand,
And cherish'd Tagus, and the breezy height
Of Cintra, last dim presence fondly scann'd.
We left behind, too, in that painful flight,
Our hearts, tenacious of their native land:
All dear familiar objects vanish'd fast,
Till nought we saw but sea and sky at last.

IV.

"Thus went we forth, developing a waste
Of seas to human enterprise unknown;
Breathing new airs from isles that idly graced
Blind ocean till by princely Henry shown.
The Mauritanian regions, where the vast
Antæus held in days of old his throne,
Rose on our left; far on the dexter hand
Surmise conceives a continent of land.

V.

"We glided by Madeira's stately shore
Which from its wealth of woods derived the name:
Famed isle! the first we colonised, and more
Surpassing in its beauty than its fame.
Nor let those Islands Venus loved of yore,
Cythera, Cyprus, vaunt their elder claim:
The Paphian Queen would have forgotten them
Had this been hers, the Atlantic's latent gem.

VI.

"Massyla's coast, the dreary breadth between
The Berber land and Ethiop, then we past;
There on a churlish soil, of pasture lean,
The lot of the lorn Azeneque is cast:
His herds a niggard thirsty nurture glean;
The desert pulse scarce yields him a repast;
The bird that swallows iron wanders there;
And there reigns Want, the brother of Despair.

VII.

"We cross'd the northern limit whence the sun
Back to the central girdle slopes his way.
Here man for Phœbus' promise rashly won,
Lost the serene complexion of the day.
Here where the Senegal's dark waters run
Are tribes ferocious as the beasts of prey.
Before us loom'd the Cape we call de Verde,
Once Arsinarium, now a name unheard.

VIII.

"The fair Canarian cluster, named of yore
The Happy Islands, left so far behind—
Among the daughters now of Hesper hoar,
The bright Hesperides, a prosperous wind
Our navy wafted. On this pleasant shore,
Which our first cruisers in their joy to find
Had hail'd as new-sprung wonders of the Waste,
We too were fain the sweets of land to taste.

IX.

"Under the shelter of that Isle we moor'd,
Named from Iago, champion Saint of Spain,
The Warrior Saint whose visionary sword
So often made the Crescent's pride to wane;
But when consenting Boreas gave the word,
Thence to the illimitable Lake again
We turn'd, resigning for the desert sea
A land of plenty and its sheltering lee.

X.

"By sinuous course and long, we coasted then
Those shores of Africa that eastward swerve,
The Jaloff province, whence the sable men,
To bondage scatter'd, divers nations serve;
And wide Mandinga, from whose marts we gain
The precious metal. Here, with many a curve
Abrupt, and many a broad majestic sweep,
Flows wizard Gambia to the Western deep.

XI.

"We pass'd those islands whither, forced to flee,
The Gorgons, odious to the light, retired.
One eye among them served the mystic Three;
One mind their evil sorceries inspired.
But thou, the fatal charmer of the sea,
For Neptune by thy golden ringlets fired,
Wert cursed the most with hideous change of form,
And hence the Lybian sands with vipers swarm.

XII.

"Due south we now the beakèd prows incline,
And many a winding league of shore escape,
Leaving the rugged mountain Leonine,
And headland named by us the Palmy Cape.
Wide of Saint Thomas' Isle we cross the Line,
And, still athwart the mighty gulf to shape
Our course, far westward of that mouth we glide
Where the great river meets the sounding tide.

XIII.

"That lucid river, the long winding Zaire,
Flood which the roving ancients never saw,
Through Congo runs, a realm extending far,
Where erst our nation sow'd the Christian law.
Thus from the seaman's friend, Calisto's star,
Our northern guide, did I at last withdraw
Beyond the limit of the Western main
And burning line that parts the world in twain.

XIV.

"And right before us gladly we descried
In a new hemisphere a pole-star new,
Unseen by our forefathers, and denied,
Or thought a dream that might be false or true;
We saw the firmament's antarctic side
Less bright than ours, for here the stars are few:
And none can tell if underneath its pole
More land exists, or shoreless waters roll.

XV.

"Thro' storms, thro' calms, thro' many a brunt severe
Of that rough trident which the sea-god wields,
Thus traversing the regions where the year
Twice welcomes Summer, twice to Winter yields
(As rules the sun upon his swift career
'Twixt either zone along his argent fields)
We saw Calisto Juno's anger brave
And dive in the forbidden ocean-wave.

XVI.

"To tell thee all the perils of the main,
Known but to them that o'er its waters strive;
The sudden onset of the hurricane,
The meteors that make heaven with fire alive,
The nights pitch-dark, the spouting floods of rain,
The thunder-blasts that threat the world to rive,—
Were labour lost, nor would be mine by choice
Even were I gifted with an iron voice.

XVII.

"Sights have I witness'd that the seaman rude,
Whose only teacher is experience, deems
Facts he can vouch; and tells them as he view'd,
Taking the thing he sees for what it seems.
But keener intellects, in judgment shrewd,
And strong in science to detect the schemes
Of nature, hidden from the vulgar eye,
Such tales as wild or fabulous decry.

XVIII.

"Yet have I seen distinctly the live light
By sailors hallow'd as an omen sent
From heaven to cheer them in the stormy night
Of threaten'd wreck, when courage is o'erspent.
As much we wonder'd too—and well we might,
For surely 'twas a thing of some portent—
To see a column from the wave emerge,
And rise and grow by suction of the surge.

XIX.

"Assuredly I saw—for I presume
My sight deceived me not—from ocean rise
An exhalation thin, a subtle fume,
Which by the wind was twisted spiral-wise.
But when began the aspiring shaft to loom
'Twas scarce discernible by keenest eyes;
So fine it rose, so delicately gleam'd:
Of the same essence as the clouds it seem'd.

XX.

"Gradual it rose; till, by the store it drew
Of billowy nurture it imbibed so fast,
'Twas magnified in girth, and stature too,
Beyond the measure of the hugest mast.
Thus, wavering on the wave, the column grew,
Till the top thicken'd to a cloud at last,
Which spread itself abroad, and still enlarged
As more and more with freight of water charged.

XXI.

"As the swart leech that having fasten'd on
A heifer's lips, while it incautious stood
To drink at the cool well, is seen anon
To gratify its eager thirst for blood,
Swelling and thickening, until, gorged thereon,
The bloated creature drops from plenitude,
So the tall column filling swell'd, and spread
Itself and the incumbent cloud it fed.

XXII.

"When both were full and could no more retain,
Up quickly from the sea its foot it drew,
And all the fabric melted into rain
That o'er the surge a soothing influence threw;
And so the flood received its own again,
Yet not unchanged, but saltless as the dew:
Let scholars show us by their books what skill
Dame Nature used these waters to distil.

XXIII.

"If those antique philosophers who paced
So many lands their secrets to espy,
The sailyards to as many winds had braced,
And seen as much to wonder at as I,—
What lore had they for after ages traced,
What stars reveal'd, what signs on sea and sky?
Rare things and great, unthought of by the wise,
All true, though strange as fiction could devise.

XXIV.

"The orb that lives in the first heaven, her race
Five times, through every change, had run complete,
Now showing all, and now but half her face,
While o'er her tides prevail'd the constant fleet;
When, hark, from the main top's aërial height,
'Land! land!' a watchman shouts: announcement sweet
That crowds the decks with men: all eyes intent,
Regard the horizon of the Orient.

XXV.

"Like clouds the mountains in the distance loom,
But soon with honest front our vision greet;
All hands make ready for its oozy tomb
The ponderous flook, then haul away the sheet:
Here, that we might to surer knowledge come
Of our position in this far retreat,—
By aid of the astrolabe, invention new
Of some keen mind to stellar science true,—

XXVI.

"Ere long we landed at an open space:
And while my crews the neighbouring hills explore,
Fond to discover novelties, and trace
Their way where stranger never trod before,—
I, with the pilots, in a chosen place,
Remain'd to take our bearings on the shore,
Fix the sun's altitude with careful art
And prick the painted geographic chart.

XXVII.

"We found that we had plied the canvas wing
Far southward of the goal of Capricorn;
Being now, between it and the frozen ring
Of Auster's uninvestigable bourne.
But lo! our rovers, now returning, bring
By law of force a naked wretch forlorn,
A negro, captured as he roam'd to seize
Among the hills, the treasure of the bees.

XXVIII.

"Troubled he comes, quaking in every limb,
As one in trouble never so extreme.
His speech is dark to us, as ours to him,
A savage wilder than brute Polypheme.
To feel our way into a sense so dim,
We show him, first, of metals the supreme,
Then, silver pure; then, aromatic spice;
But none of these he turns to look on twice.

XXIX.

"The charm of meaner objects then we try,
Such trivial gauds as lucid beads of glass,
A vermil cap, whose colour takes the eye,
And little tinkling playthings, bells of brass;
At once his nods and gestures testify
That these with him for more than baubles pass:
I bid him take them all, and set him free;
Off to his kraal he speeds exultingly.

XXX.

"Next day, at dawn, his comrades came; a band
All nude and of the colour of the night;
Their rugged hills descending, in demand
Of fortune such as his, an envied sight.
Won by their looks companionably bland,
Fernan Velasco, like an errant knight,
Must needs to closer test the adventure push,
And see the life of dwellers in the bush.

XXXI.

"So forth he fared, with courage for his shield
And arrogance to friend. When hours had past,
And not a sign of Fernan from the field,
An anxious look towards the hills I cast,
And long'd for his return, or sign reveal'd
That he was safe: our hero came at last;
Adown a rocky slope his course he bent,
Sea-ward, returning faster than he went.

XXXII.

"Coelho's boat was in an instant mann'd,
And hurried to receive him: ere it made
The nearest beach, an Ethiop's daring hand
Had all but seized the fugitive; no aid
Has he but in his speed of foot; to stand
Were death; pursuers on his shadow tread.
While I approach'd, swift as my rowers the stroke
Could ply, a swarm of blacks from covert broke.

XXXIII.

"On our devoted crews there pour'd a rain
Of stones and arrows from that sable cloud;
Nor were they hurtled through the air in vain,
As this limb witness'd, by an arrow plough'd.
But we, thus outraged, leaping to the plain,
So sharp a volley sent among the crowd,
That they decamping bore away, perhaps,
Some blushing honours redder than their caps.

XXXIV.

"Velloso rescued, to our ships we turn,
Nor waste more anger in an idle fray
With men in whose wild nature we discern
The stealthy fierceness of the brutes of prey;
From whom, too, nought of India we could learn
Save that the land desired was far away:
So making sail before a gallant breeze,
Again we tried the fortune of the seas.

XXXV.

"To Fernan then a boon companion cried,
While rang the decks with laughter's merry chime,
'Ho, friend Velloso, yonder mountain side
Seems less laborious to descend than climb.'
'True,' unabash'd the adventurer replied,
'But, when yon black pack hither troop'd, 'twas time,
For your sake, as I thought, my pace to mend,
Remembering you were here without your friend.'

XXXVI.

" When they had crost the ridge that fronts the bay,
His negro convoy, as he now averred,
Made halt, and bade him back retrace his way,
Threat'ning to slay him there, if he demurr'd;
And when perforce he turn'd, they cowering lay
On watch till we should seek him, and prepared
By sudden massacre of all to seize
A fearful hour to plunder at their ease.

XXXVII.

" Five suns since we departed thence had set,
And smoothly wafted by a prosperous gale
We cleaved the seas where never nation yet
But ours had urged the exploratory sail,
When, as we watch'd, one night, and not a threat
Of change disturb'd us, sure that all was well,
A cloud from overhead its shadow cast
And densely lowering brooded o'er the mast.

XXXVIII.

" So heavily it gloom'd athwart our board,
A solemn fear to every heart it struck,
While from afar the blacken'd ocean roar'd
As if in thunder bursting on a rock.
' Oh what is this,' I cried, ' Almighty Lord!
What threat divine? What new mysterious shock
Portend those howling waves, this sea difform?
For this is something greater than a storm!'

XXXIX.

"While yet I spoke, what shape before us grew?
A mighty phantom in the air appear'd,
Uncouth, enormous, horrible to view,
With savage front and squalid length of beard,
And cavern'd eyes, and haggard earthly hue,
And evil scowl of Thing that would be fear'd:
His tangled locks were thick with sand and slime,
And clots of ooze his hideous mouth begrime.

XL.

"So huge was he of limb, that I may swear
His bulk by that Colossus unsurpast
Which brought to Rhodes the Wise of Greece to stare
At one of earth's seven wonders. All aghast
We heard his voice that rent the trembling air,
A voice which seem'd from the abyss upcast:
To see, to hear, this monster on the deep
Made the hair bristle and the flesh to creep.

XLI.

'O race the most audacious'—thus he spake—
'The world for measureless ambition knows,
You that for cruel warfare, and the sake
Of vain adventures ever shun repose,
Since those forbidden boundaries ye break,
And press along my seas your daring prows,
Seas by no keel for many a cycle plough'd,
So long 'twas mine to guard them and to shroud;

XLII.

"'Since ye are come to pierce the depths conceal'd
Of nature, and the secrets of a tide
To mortal heroes never yet reveal'd,
Not even to those for prowess deified,
Hear then from me the woes on flood and field
Prepared to scourge your rashness and the pride
Of triumphs ye must reach with desperate hand,
For horror waits you both on sea and land.

XLIII.

"'Know that whatever ships hereafter brave,
Like yours, these fatal latitudes, shall find
A fierce antagonist in every wave,
A raging enemy in every wind.
And the first warlike force these waters lave
To it, on rough and boist'rous route inclined—
By me shall sudden punishment be dealt—
More than the danger shall the loss be felt.

XLIV.

"'On him who first discover'd me, if true
My hope, consummate vengeance shall be mine,
Nor there will end the retribution due
To stubborn arrogance: if I divine
Aright, your navies, year by year, shall strew
My coasts with wreck: woe in all forms malign
Shall haunt them; evils countless shall befall
Your people,—death the mildest of them all.

XLV.

"'Lo, homeward comes, secure in Fortune's smiles,
A man whose Orient fame has reach'd the skies,
Here to resign his trophies, here his spoils
Won from the Turk, and he himself my prize:
Here yawns his grave, the end of all his toils;
Such the dark judgment of the Power All-Wise;
On me Quiloa and Mombassa call
Their wrongs to avenge by their destroyer's fall.

XLVI.

"'Another comes, a man of honour'd fame,
A lover, and true knight in heart and deed;
And with him brings the young and beauteous dame
Whom Love has given him as a precious meed.
Sad is their chance, and black the fate for them
When from dire wreck and coil of breakers freed,
On these more dreadful shores they fall alive,
With tenfold anguish in my grasp to strive.

XLVII.

"'Their children, foster'd with such tender care,
Shall die of hunger in the parents' sight.
Through burning sands shall trail that mother fair
Her delicate feet for many a day and night:
Stript, by the hands of ruthless Caffres, bare,
And wandering naked, goaded by the light,
O'er trackless wilds, beneath the torrid sky,
The miserable Dame shall long to die.

XLVIII.

"'And some—who thence surviving, home shall reach,
As witness of the horrors which were borne
By these two lovers—woes enough to teach
The rocks and stones to weep such fate forlorn—
Shall tell how sad they trod the stony beach,
Or by the thickets' tangling brakes were torn;
Embracing still, they found a wretched tomb,
Their souls exhaling to a brighter doom.'

XLIX.

"More yet the appalling Monster would have told
Prophetic of our fates, when, 'Who art thou?'
I call'd aloud, 'whose vastness to behold
Perplexes human wonder, I avow!'—
His wan lips quiver'd, his fierce eye-balls roll'd,
And, uttering a fearful cry of woe,
In harsh and painful accent he replied,
As if the question weigh'd upon his pride:

L.

"'The Spirit of yon haughty cliff am I,
Call'd Cape of Storm by your precursor bold,
A headland in impassive mystery,
Enshrouded from geographers of old.
Here end the Afric shores that nearest lie
Unto the pole antarctic—shores controll'd
By that, my mountain throne so long occult,
Which you in your audacity insult.

LI.

"'My name was Adamastor, I was one
Of those gigantic brothers, born of earth,
As vast Ægeon and Enceladon,
Who against the Lord of Thunder tried their worth
In battle: they Heaven's fortress would have won
By piling hill on hill: but I went forth
To be their champion on the Ocean-plain
And challenge Neptune on his own domain.

LII.

"'By love for Peleus' spouse, my fated scourge,
Was I to this wild enterprise suborn'd;
For her, the radiant Princess of the surge,
The goddesses of all the heaven I scorn'd.
One day I saw her from the wave emerge,
In nought but her own loveliness adorn'd,
Attended by the Nereids: from that hour
I felt, and yet I feel—her fatal power.

LIII.

"'Knowing persuasion hopeless, for I knew
That nymphs affect not such a form as mine,
By force I thought her coyness to subdue,
Nor veil'd from azure Doris my design:
The startled mother, feigning then to sue
On my behalf, address'd her. The divine
Enchantress said, as half compliant,
"How shall a Nereid learn to love a giant?

LIV.

"'Yet tell him, Ocean's reign to disembroil
From menaced warfare, some way I may find
My honour with his suit to reconcile."
Such was her message; Love is ever blind;
I saw no snare besetting me the while,
Thus unsuspectingly to yield inclined
They heap'd around my heart a quickening pyre
Of hopes that search'd it through and through with fire

LV.

"'Fool that I was! Desisting from the war,
I waited my reward; and, on a night
By Doris promised, lonely from afar
The form of Thetis gleam'd upon my sight;
Then, like a maniac hunting for a star,
I ran towards the vision of delight
With arms extended to secure the prize
And find my life in her enchanting eyes.

LVI.

"'Oh how can I record my vile disgrace!
I found, instead of her whom I adore,
A crag encircled in my wild embrace,
A thorny cliff outstanding on the shore:
This was my prize angelic, face to face
I grappled with a mountain! Man no more,
But mute and passive, senseless with the shock,
I stood, another rock against a rock.

LVII.

"'O fairest of the Ocean's daughters fair!
Why, though my feature pleased not, show thy mind?
Rock, cloud, or dream, had been a harmless snare,
Hadst thou prolong'd the fraud, and kept me blind.
Stung with dishonor, frantic with despair,
I turn'd away, some other world to find,
Where I might hide my sorrows and my wrath,
Nor see the laughing scoffer cross my path.

LVIII.

"'But now my conquer'd brothers, in the chain,
Extremity of wretchedness endured,
And some the Olympic Gods, of triumph vain,
Beneath the weight of mountains had secured.
And I, for my rebellion on the main,
(For what avails to cope with power assured?)
Lamenting here a Nereid's scornful hate,
Soon felt a sterner enemy in Fate.

LIX.

"'My living flesh obdurate earth became,
My bones a hard inexorable heap;
Head, trunk and limbs, yet conscious to the shame,
A wall of rock, a wide and towering steep;
What once was Adamastor's giant frame
Is now the Storm-Cape, glooming o'er the deep;
So will'd the gods; and to torment me more
The waves of Thetir dance about my shore.'

LX.

"He said, and vanish'd with a dismal moan,
And with him disappear'd the sable cloud:
The ocean answer'd his departing groan
In plaint prolong'd, resounding far and loud.
I to the choir of angels, who had shown
Their light to guide us o'er the wilds we plough'd,
With lifted hands implored that guidance still
And pray'd the Lord to avert the menaced ill.

LXI.

"When Pyrois and Phlegon, and the twain
Their yoke-mates, upward drew the radiant car,
The Giant's Cape, majestic o'er the Main,
Crown'd with the glory of the Morning Star
We saw: and now our eastward course began.
The frowning cape we doubled from afar,
Then near'd the coast, and running down the land,
Ere long cast anchor by a shelter'd strand.

LXII.

"A kindlier people than those Ethiops were
Who last received us with such evil grace,
The men that dwell upon this coast appear,
Unlike in nature though alike in race.
With dance they welcomed us, and festal cheer,
In crowds assembling on the sandy space,
Their women with them, and the gentle droves
They pasture in the grassy mountain coves.

LXIII.

"Strange ditties singing in a language strange,
The sable women on their oxen rode;
(They prize, beyond all beasts that herded range,
These beeves, slow-paced and patient of their load)
They sang in concert, true to every change,
And tuned to pastoral reeds their voices flow'd:
I thought, while listening to the rural strain,
The age of Tityrus was come again.

LXIV.

"A temper true to their ingenuous air,
By gentle deeds the harmless natives show,
Bringing us fowls and sheep, for which they share
Content the showy trifles we bestow.
But since to our interpreters they bear
No word of what 'tis my concern to know,
Nor yield a sign that might our quest avail,
We lift the anchor and unreef the sail.

LXV.

"The mighty sweep of Afric's austral bound
Achieved, we push'd our way, thence forward dark,
Beyond the Isle where he who sought and found
The Stormy Cape had left a cross to mark
The term and limit of his course renown'd,
Erst unattain'd by European bark.
So northward now our bowsprit look'd at last,
And sought the Line, that must again be past.

LXVI.

"O'er desert waters, working out new ways,
And solely piloted by Hope, we went;
Small reckoning made for many weary days
'Twixt storm and calm unprofitably spent.
And once the sea, in this perplexing maze,
The faithless sea on every humour bent,
Opposed our progress with a current-tide
That all our strain for mastery defied.

LXVII.

"The wind was with us, filling every sail,
And yet astern we drifted far and fast,
So much the vigour of the southern gale
Was by the waves' repellent force surpast;
Till angry Notus stubborn to prevail,
Put forth his strength in a tremendous blast,
Whereby, against the rushing waters urged,
Victors at last our staggering hulls emerged.

LXVIII.

"The sun brought round the consecrated morn
Whereon Three Kings, whose path a star foreran,
Adored an infant King, the lowly-born,
The God in God—Triune, the Christ in Man.
That day auspicious to our plight forlorn,
We reach'd a harbour of the friendly clan,
Where the large river, fed from inland springs,
We named in honour of The Feast of Kings.

LXIX.

"Fresh water from the river we took in,
Fresh food the natives brought us; but withal
No token here of India might we win
From men, to us, as though they dumb were all.
Mark how we roam, O King, yet still within
The range of this untutor'd people fall,
Our fond desire defeated evermore
Of trace or notice of the orient shore.

LXX.

"Conceive the wretchedness of wanderers lost
On seas unknown, in climes of name unheard,
By famine pined, by shattering tempests tost,
And worn and wearied out with hope deferr'd
Of that long-sought and still receding coast,
Till all grew desperate; as we blindly err'd
Beneath a sky unnatural, and rife
With qualities malignant unto life.

LXXI.

"Our food became corrupted, noxious more
Than helpful to the fragile human frame.
And, when our fate its direst aspect wore,
Not even a lying hope to cheer us came.
Think'st thou an armament from any shore
But Lusitania's would have held the same
Terrific course of duty, and not swerved,
True to their Chief and to the King they served?

LXXII.

"Canst thou believe they would not have rebell'd
Against a chief persisting on his path,
And turn'd the helm to piracy, compell'd
By strong despair, by hunger, and by wrath?
Ay, much have they been tried, and much excell'd
In Lusitanian virtues, loyal faith,
And brave obedience; and, unchanged of soul,
They yet will struggle till we reach the goal.

LXXIII.

"But, having left the port of the fresh flood
And turn'd to cleave again the salt sea-spray,
We made a tack and out to sea we stood,
And held our distance from the coast away.
Lest Notus blowing faint in listless mood
The fleet might be impounded in the bay
Form'd in this perilous quarter by the shore
That sends to Sofala its golden ore.

LXXIV.

"The bay securely past, the rudder light
(To good Saint Nicholas commended) brought
Each prow to bear upon a shore in sight
Wherewith the roaring billows idly fought.
Then we, whose hearts, now darken'd, and now bright,
With their sole trust a feeble plank had fraught,
We who had hoped till hope became despair
In new and sudden joy forgot our care.

LXXV.

"For lo, as we approach the coast, where plain
The strand and vales behind it we descry,
Upon a river running to the main
Are barks that stem the stream or outward hie.
Great is in sooth our happiness to gain
The haunts of men who know the sail to ply.
'Now shall we surely find some guiding clue!'
Whisper'd reviving Hope, and whisper'd true.

LXXVI.

"All Ethiopians are they, but it seems
That they commune with some superior race;
For in their speech intelligible gleams
Of meaning, phrases Arabic, we trace;
The snow-white turban on the brow redeems
The wild expression of the Caffre face;
A light blue kilt that half invests the frame
Bespeaks them civilised to sense of shame.

LXXVII.

"In tongue Arabian, which though ill they speak,
Yet well interprets Fernan Martinez,
They say that ships as long from stern to beak
As ours, are wont to navigate their seas;
That they go forth from eastern shores to seek
The coasts that southward broaden, and from these
Back towards the birth-place of the sun they sail
Unto a land of men, like us, of feature pale.

LXXVIII.

"Our new-found friends rejoiced us much; yet more
Their news: the stream, of augury so fair,
We named the River of Good Signs; the shore
Demanded our commemorative care,
And of memorials that from home we bore
For special landmarks, one we planted there,
Calling it after that Angelic Guide
Who led Tobias to his unknown bride.

LXXIX.

"Here we careen'd our ships, and much the need
That hulls so long afloat, defiled and rough
With sordid slime and barnacles and weed,
Should cast their cumbrous sea-engender'd slough.
And here the blameless Ethiops—hosts indeed,
Who thought no kindness short of all enough—
Supplied our every want with ready smile;
And men they were in whom we found no guile.

LXXX.

"But neither pure nor lasting was the bliss
That on this hospitable land we drew
From mighty hopes revived. Wing'd Nemesis
Soon counterpoised with a disaster new
The rare delight: so Heaven decrees, and this
The hard condition of our birth; we rue
The fickle temper of content, but find
That sorrow is a power of constant mind.

LXXXI.

"Disease assail'd my crews,—such fell disease,
And loathsome, as till then I ne'er beheld—
Who would believe, that saw not, how in these
The livid gums with growth prodigious swell'd,
Breathing infection that depraved the breeze?
Alas, how many a gallant life was quell'd,
How many a proud and noble form laid low
On yonder shore, and by so vile a foe!

LXXXII.

"The air was sicken'd by the noisomeness
That reek'd from this malignity obscure.
Astute physician had we none, still less
Chirurgeon subtle to resolve the cure;
Whoso applied him to the task, by guess,
Cut out, as if 'twere dead, the flesh impure:
Not without reason, whatsoe'er the skill,
For unextirpated, 'twas sure to kill.

LXXXIII.

"There, to the sea-beat wilderness consign'd
They sleep, and never more will wake to sigh,
The dear companions of adventurous mind,
Who shared so long our wayward destiny.
How easy for the dead a home to find;
And, as for ours, for all that wandering die,
A nameless sand-hill, any bubbling wave,
Will serve the low or lofty for a grave.

LXXXIV.

"With brighter hopes but sadder hearts we leave
The mournful solace of this friendly creek;
And coasting onward, eager to perceive
Some sign yet clearer of the goal we seek;
Ere long we plunge our anchors in the wave
That frets the sullen marge of Mozambique,
Whose fraud thou knowest, and the cheat as vile
Of those barbarians of Mombassa's isle.

LXXXV.

"At last to this thy port—where every kind
And gentle usage that may soothe our woes
And win the dying back to life, we find
Relenting Heaven has led us: here repose,
And consolation sweet, and peace of mind,
Rare boon! thy magnanimity bestows.
If thou hast deign'd so long a patient ear,
Now all is told that thou hast ask'd to hear.

LXXXVI.

"Judge now, O King, if ever course was run
Like this of ours by men of other race:
Think'st thou Eneas, or Laertes' son
Persuasive, o'er an unimagined space
Of waters stretch'd their flight as we have done?
Who howsoe'er the Muse his name may grace
Has dared to do the deeds with which our name
Descending, leaves but as one eighth his fame.

LXXXVII.

"Let him who drank so deep of Helicon,—
For whom in rare and glorious strife unended,
Rhodes, Ios, Argos, Smyrna, Colophon,
And Salamis, and Athens, all contended—
And him the light that o'er Ausonia shone,
Whose voice to pastoral sweetness now descended,
Entrancing his own Mincius with the strain,
Then rose, till Tiber with the sound grew vain,—

LXXXVIII.

"Let these the Wizards that give life to dreams,
Raise phantoms for their demi-gods to quell,
Magician Circes, giant Polyphemes,
And Sirens, chanting sweet their dreamy spell:
And let their heroes, ever in extremes
Of hazard, steer to shores where Cicons dwell;
Or land where, lotos-eaten, sense is lost;
Or lose the pilot when they need him most.—

LXXXIX.

"Or battle with the bursèd winds let loose;
Or pine in amorous Calypso's bowers;
Contend with Harpies; or with Hell make truce
And commune there with ghosts of earthly powers:
Let every charm that fancy can produce
Adorn imagined labours; true are ours:
A plain unvarnish'd story I rehearse,
And truth is stronger than beguiling verse."—

XC.

The Chief's recital of that long career
Of honour, charm'd the listeners: when 'twas o'er,
They listen'd still his fluent voice to hear,
As men from deep carousal thirst the more.
The King applauds the constancy severe
Of Lusia's monarchs, heirs of patriot war;
Applauds their people's virtue unsubdued,
Their loyal faith and veteran fortitude.

XCI.

His followers, one to other, o'er again
Relating each the chance he noted most,
For wonder cannot choose but gaze on men
That seas so vast with will so firm have crost.
But now the bright-hair'd Delian veer'd the rein
(Tried by Lampecia's brother to his cost)
Toward Thetis' bower: warn'd by departing day,
The Moslem king retraced his watery way.

XCII.

How sweet are praise and honour, when they crown
The brow that feels them to be well-earn'd meeds!
Each noble mind would float as brightly down
Time's river as the noblest that precedes;
Fond jealousy of chronicled renown
Is the brave mother of a thousand deeds;
"Fame is the spur that doth the spirit raise
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

XCIII.

Not for his prowess but its recompense,
The Macedonian envied him who broke
The strength of Ilion in her best defence;
'Twas not that Hector fell, but Homer spoke;
Not Marathon achieved, but trophies thence
Redounding to Miltiades, awoke
The envy of Themistocles: no voice
Like praise heroic could his soul rejoice.

XCIV.

Vasco da Gama to the world would show
That all those voyages the poet boasts
Match not Eneas with himself, whose prow
New skies have wonder'd at and chartless coasts:
Yes; but the Latian song to him we owe
Whom Empire hail'd from Actium's routed hosts:
'Twas he whose praise sublimed the Mantuan string,
And gave the Roman glory boundless wing.

XCV.

The soil of Portugal its Scipios bears,
Its Cæsars and its Alexanders too:
But youth untrain'd to noblest lore was theirs,
And wanting this the fruit obdurate grew.
Octavius, laden with an empire's cares,
Essay'd his cheerful wit in numbers true:
Antonius loved the Muse; how much too well
Fulvia, left lone for Glaphyra, could tell:

XCVI.

The first of Cæsars toiled to conquer France,
Yet arms impeded not his letter'd sense;
The pen in one hand and in one the lance,
He rivall'd Cicero in eloquence:
Of Scipio's skill exerted to advance
Rome's scenic art, there lacks not evidence:
Troy's tale divine pillow'd the Emathian's head,
And even in dreams Pelides' bard he read.

XCVII.

In short, the bravest on the rolls of time
Have been for learning too and wisdom known;
Greek, Latian, or Barbaric, every clime
Can boast accomplish'd chiefs except our own.
Not without shame I speak it; lofty rhyme
Wants utterance in the land, because the tone
Is all unalien to the nation's heart;
Proud ignorance disdains poetic art.

XCVIII.

For this, and not that native wit is poor,
No Lusian harp thrills to a master-hand;
And if this custom of dull scorn endure
Heroic soul will perish from the land.
But, worst of all, our magnates, past a cure,
Are spoil'd by fortune; slow to understand,
Careless of knowledge, sensual, harsh and hard,
They neither covet nor deserve a bard.

XCIX.

Let Gama thank the Muses that their zeal
For Lusitania's honour bids them sound
His name, accordant to the just appeal
Of strenuous deeds that claim to be renown'd.
For neither they of Pindus' echoing hill
Nor Tejo's nymphs in Vasco's race have found
Such friends, that these should leave their grottos dim
And woofs of golden twine, to sing of him.

Love patriotic and the pure desire
That every Lusian feat should have its praise
Impel the Tagan sisters of the Lyre,
For that alone the plausive voice they raise:
And yet, if in one breast survive the fire
That prompts to undegenerate scorn of ease,
Let deeds attest it! valour shall not lose
Its price, though slighted be the generous Muse.

NOTES.

CANTO THE FIRST.

Stanza i., page 1.—*Taprobané.*

The island of Ceylon.

Stanza iv., page 2.—*Hippocrène.*

A fountain in Bœotia, near Mount Helicon, and sacred to the Muses.

Stanza vi., page 3.—*And thou.*

Sebastian, King of Portugal.

Stanza xii., page 5.—*Mœonides.*

A name of Homer.

Stanza xvi., page 6.—*Tethys.*

The goddess of the sea.

Stanza xix., page 7.—*Proteus.*

A marine monster: the flock are the fish.

Stanza xx., page 7.—*Maia.*

One of the Pleïades, and the mother of Mercury by Jupiter.

Stanza xxvi., page 9.—*Viriatus.*

A celebrated Portuguese, first a shepherd and afterwards a warrior, who baffled for long the designs of the Romans against his country.

Stanza xxvi., page 9.—*Feign'd in the Doe.*

This alludes to Quintus Sertorius, a native of Nursia, now Nozza, in Italy. Having been proscribed by Sylla, he came into Spain, where he received great honours, fighting against the Romans. In his expeditions he is said to have been accompanied by a white Doe, by which it was given out he was admonished in his acts, and particularly either to proceed against or avoid the enemy. He resided at Evora, and built the celebrated aqueduct there.

Stanza xxxi., page 11.—*Doris.*

A sea nymph, daughter of the Ocean and of Tethys, and mother of the sea nymphs.

Stanza xxxi., page 11.—*Nysa.*

An ancient city in India, in Afghanistan, the reported birthplace of Bacchus.

Stanza xxxiv., page 12.—*Cytherèa.*

One of the names of Venus.

Stanza xli., page 15.—*Typhœus.*

Son of Tartarus and the Earth, the enemy of the heathen gods. Allusion is thus made to the time, which would be towards the end of February.

Stanza xliii., page 15.—*Prasum.*

A promontory on the coast of Africa, near Mozambique, and opposite to Madagascar.

Stanza xlvi., page 16.—*Padus.*

The river Po, famous for the death of Phaëton, who was thrown therein by the thunderbolt of Jupiter.

Stanza xlvi., page 16.—*Lampethusa.*

One of the sisters of Phaëton, transformed, with her sister, into poplars by the gods, in consequence of their grief at their brother's fall.

Stanza xlix., page 17.—*Lyæan.*

Wine. Bacchus was called Lyæus.

Stanza lxxv., page 26.—*Emathian.*

Emathia; a name given to the countries which formed the empires of Macedonia and Thessaly, and where Pompey was defeated by Cæsar.

Stanza lxxxiv., page 29.—*Nabathean.*

From Nabathæa, a country of Arabia, named from Nabath, the eldest son of Ismael, who reigned there; the capital of which was Petra.

Stanza xcii., page 31.—*Pangayos.*

Small Indian vessels or ships.

Stanza xcvi., page 33.—*Nereus.*

A sea god, son of the Ocean and of Tethys, the husband of Doris, and parent of a numerous offspring called the Nereïds.

Stanza xcviii., page 33.—*Sinon.*

A celebrated traitor at the destruction of Troy.

CANTO THE SECOND.

Stanza x., page 40.—*Bimater.*

Bacchus; who, on the death of his mother Semele, was placed in the thigh of Jupiter.

Stanza xii., page 41.—*Thyoneus.*

One of the names of Bacchus.

Stanza xviii., page 43.—*Erycina.*

One of the names of Venus.

Stanza xix., page 43.—*Aphroditè.*

A Grecian name of Venus.

Stanza xx., page 43.—*Nerinè, Nisa,* and *Doto.*

Nereïds.

Stanza xxi., page 44.—*Dionæa.*

One of the names of Venus.

Stanza xxxv., page 48.—*Arbiter.*

Paris.

Stanza xxxv., page 48.—*He of yore.*

Actæon; transformed into a stag on seeing Diana and her nymphs bathing, and devoured by his own dogs.

Stanza xlv., page 51.—*Ogygia.*

The island of Calypso.

Stanza xlv., page 51.—*Timavus.*

A river which passes not far from Aquileia, and enters the Adriatic.

Stanza xlix., page 53.—*Erythra.*

The Red Sea.

Stanza liii., page 54.—*Bactra.*

Now Balck, the capital of Bactriana, on the river Bactros, in Asia.

Stanza liii., page 54.—*Leucate.*

A promontory in the island of St. Maura, near the coast of Epirus —near which were fought the actions between Octavius and Marc Antony.

Stanza lv., page 55.—*Gaditc.*

Spanish.

Stanza lvi., page 55,—*May.*

Mercury.

Stanza lvii., page 55.—*Cyllenian.*

Mercury.

Stanza lxii., page 57.—*Busiris.*

A great tyrant of Egypt.

Stanza lxiv., page 58.—*Hermes.*

Mercury.

Stanza lxxii., page 60.—*Amalthea.*

There are various traditions concerning this person, but she is generally allowed to have been in possession of, or endowed with, a horn, which had the power, when the possessor wished it, of becoming instantaneously filled with what was desired. This is the story of the celebrated horn of Amalthea, commonly called the cornucopia.

Stanza xcix., page 69.—*Thaumantis.*

Iris, the messenger of the goddesses, more particularly of Juno.

Stanza cvi., page 72.—*Anafils.*

Moorish trumpets.

Stanza cxii., page 74.—*Pirithöus.*

Son of Ixion, king of the Lapithæ, who undertook, with Theseus, to carry off Proserpine. They descended into the infernal regions, where Pluto, discovering their intention, kept them in confinement.

Stanza cxiii., page 74.—*Erostratus.*

An Ephesian, who burnt the Temple of Diana.

Stanza cxiii., page 74.—*Ctesiphon.*

The Greek architect who planned the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

CANTO THE THIRD.

Stanza i., page 75.—*Calliope.*

The principal of the Nine Muses.

Stanza i., page 75.—*Sire of thine Orpheus.*

Orpheus was the son of Apollo and Calliope.

Stanza i., page 75.—*Daphne.*

Daughter of the river Peneus, converted into a laurel to avoid the solicitations of Apollo.

Stanza i., page 75.—*Clytia.*

The daughter of the Ocean converted into the flower called Heliotrope, also admired by Apollo.

Stanza i., page 75.—*Leucothea.*

Daughter of Orchamus, king of Babylonia; being accused by Clytia of her connexion with Apollo, she was buried alive by her father—Apollo transformed her into a tree, dispensing frankincense.

Stanza vii., page 77.—*Tanäis.*

The river, now the Don, which divides Asia from Europe.

Stanza vii., page 77.—*Riphean.*

Mountains, where is the source of the Don.

Stanza vii., page 77.—*Meotis.*

The sea of Azof.

Stanza xi., page 78.—*Albis.*

The river Elbe.

Stanza xi., page 78.—*Amasis.*

A river in Germany.

Stanza xii., page 79.—*Helle.*

Daughter of Athamus, king of Thebes, and of Nephele, who fled from her home to avoid the cruelty of her mother, and being carried through the air on a golden ram, fell into the sea, hence called the Hellespont.

Stanza xii., page 79.—*Rhodopè.*

A high mountain in Thrace.

Stanza xiii. page 79.—*Naupactum.*

Now Lepanto.

Stanza xvi., page 80.—*Pyrene.*

Daughter of Bebrycius, sovereign of the southern portions of Spain. Being abused by Hercules, she brought forth a serpent, which so terrified her that she fled to the woods and was devoured by wild beasts. She gave the name to the mountains called the Pyrenees.

Stanza xviii., page 81.—*Theban.*

Hercules.

Stanza xviii., page 81.—*Tingis.*

Tangier.

Stanza xxii., page 82.—*The shepherd.*

Viriatus—*see before.*

Stanza xxii., page 82.—*The stealthy Sire.*

Means Saturn, who represents Time, the destroyer of all things.

Stanza xxxii., page 85.—*Progne.*

Daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, and sister of Philomela. Her husband having violated her sister, she killed her son Itylus, and had him served up disguised to be eaten by Tereus. She was converted into a swallow, and her sister into a nightingale.

Stanza xxxii., page 85.—*Medea.*

Daughter of Æetes, king of Colchis. She became the wife of Jason, and, being skilled, assisted him in charming the dragon which guarded the Golden Fleece. She accompanied Jason to Coriath, where he, becoming enamoured of Glauce, the daughter of king Creon, put Medea away and married Glauce. Medea, in revenge, killed the children she had borne to Jason.

Stanza xli., page 88.—*Zopyrus.*

A subject of Darius, king of the Persians.

Stanza xliv., page 89.—*Thermodon.*

A famous river near to Cappadocia, and near to where the Amazons dwelt.

Stanza lvii., page 94.—*Dardan.*

Ulysses.

Stanza xii., page 95.—*Transtagan.*

The country beyond the Tagus.

Stanza lxxi., page 98.—*Nemesis.*

The daughter of the Ocean and of Night, and considered by the ancients as the Goddess of Vengeance, punishing impiety, and liberally rewarding good actions.

Stanza lxxii., page 99.—*Heniochi.*

A people of Asiatic Sarmatia near Colchis.

Stanza lxxii., page 99.—*Sophenian.*

Inhabitants of the country of Armenia on the borders of Mesopotamia.

Stanza lxxii., page 99.—*Cilician.*

Inhabitants of part of Asia Minor on the sea coast, north of Cyprus.

Stanza lxxii., page 99.—*Aram.*

Armenia, the rivers are the Tigris and Euphrates.

Stanza lxxvii., page 100.—*Antæus.*

A giant of Lybia, son of Neptune and the Earth, and the founder of Tangier.

Stanza lxxxiii., page 102.—*Libitina.*

Goddess presiding over funerals and sepulchres.

Stanza xcii., page 105.—*Ilarite.*

Sardanapalus.

Stanza xcii., page 105.—*The type.*

Heliogabalus.

Stanza xciii., page 106.—*Phalaris.*

A tyrant of Agrigentum, who occupied his time in inventing new species of torments, whereby to destroy his subjects after despoiling them of their effects.

Stanza c., page 108.—*Tartessian.*

Andalusia.

Stanza cv., page 110.—*Moluca.*

A river in the kingdom of Fez, in Africa.

Stanza cxi., page 112.—*Gathite.*

Goliath.

Stanza cxiv., page 113.—*Maurusian.*

Moorish.

Stanza cxvii., page 114.—*Titus.*

The emperor Titus Vespasian, who destroyed Jerusalem.

Stanza cxxxi., page 118.—*Polyxena.*

Daughter of Priam, King of Troy, and of Hecuba. Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, to appease the manes of his father, sacrificed her on his tomb.

Stanza cxxxiii., page 119.—*Atreus.*

Son of Pelops. He had served up to his brother, at a feast, the children borne to him by his wife, who had been seduced by the brother.

Stanza cxli., page 122.—*Apulian.*

A country in Italy, near Calabria.

Stanza cxlii., page 122.—*Medusa.*

One of the Gorgons, daughter of Phorcys and Ceto, celebrated for her beautiful locks. Neptune having with her desecrated the Temple of Minerva, her hair was changed into serpents, and she had the power of turning into stone those she looked upon.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

Stanza v., page 124.—*Astyanax.*

The only son of Hector and Andromache, whom Ulysses threw from the walls of Troy, under the impression that he would some day avenge the death of his father.

Stanza vi., page 125.—*Marius.*

Caius Marius, originally a peasant, but became a valorous chief amongst the Romans, cruel and inhuman, and is charged with the crime of dying by his own hand.

Stanza ix., page 126.—*Alcides.*

Hercules.

Stanza xx., page 129.—*Canusium.*

Now Canosa, a town in Apulia, whither the Romans fled after the battle of Cannæ.

Stanza xxvii., page 132.—*Astræa.*

Daughter of the giant Astræus and of Aurora, or according to other authorities, of Jupiter and Themis.

Stanza xxviii., page 132.—*Artabor.*

Cape Finisterre.

Stanza xxxvi., page 135.—*Massylian.*

Moorish.

Stanza xlvii., page 138.—*Two royal sisters.*

Daughters of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

Stanza xlix., page 139.—*Abyla.*

One of the Pillars of Hercules—a mountain in Africa in the vicinity of which is Ceuta, and opposite Gibraltar.

Stanza lxi., page 143.—*Parthenope.*

Naples.

Stanza lxv., page 144.—*Kerman.*

Caramania.

Stanza lxv., page 144.—*Farsistan.*

Persia.

Stanza lxviii., page 145.—*Morpheus.*

The God of Sleep.

Stanza lxxii., page 147.—*Alpheus* and *Arethuse.*

Arethusa, having accompanied Diana to the chace in the mountains of Arcadia, became weary, and being oppressed with the heat entered the river Alpheus. The river became too affectionate, and to avoid importunities she fled into Sicily, where she was changed into a fountain. This, however, did not avail, for Alpheus, burying himself underground, reappeared in the city of Syracuse, where the fountain was. The river is now named Alpheo, having its source near Elis.

Stanza lxxx., page 149.—*Eurystheus.*

He and Hercules were about to be born at the same time, and the senior was to have the control over the other. Juno, jealous of the mother of Hercules, hastened the birth of Eurystheus, who sent Hercules on many dangerous enterprises, in the expectation he would lose his life in some of them.

Stanza lxxx., page 149.—*Lerna.*

A City of Argolis celebrated for its grove and lake, and where Hercules is said to have killed the famous hydra.

Stanza lxxx., page 149.—*Erymanth.*

A river in Arcadia, having its source in a mountain of the same name, where Hercules slew the prodigious boar, which had devastated the country. This animal he brought on his shoulders to Eurystheus, who had sent him on the expedition, believing he would die in it. This was one of the twelve labours of Hercules.

Stanza lxxxiii., page 150.—*Mynian.*

From Minyas, King of Orchomanos in Bœotia, from whence a colony went to Colchis: the Argonauts were in consequence called Minyæ.

Stanza lxxxiv., page 151.—*Ulyssa.*

Lisbon.

Stanza lxxxvii., page 152.—*Bethlehem.*

Belem, near Lisbon.

Stanza ciii., page 157.—*Iapetus.*

A giant, the son of Titan and of the Earth, and the father of Prometheus, whom the poets say made men of clay with such ingenuity that they appeared alive. Minerva, seeing by chance this work of Prometheus, assisted him to enter the celestial regions, where he stole the fire from the Chariot of the Sun, with which he gave life to his manufactured people, who were presumed to be sons of the Sun; Jupiter, however, desiring to chastise this attempt, had him tied to a rock, where a vulture was to feed on his liver, which grew again as fast as devoured.

Stanza civ., page 157.—*Icarus.*

A son of Dædalus, who with his father fled with wings from Crete, and having soared too high, the sun melted the wax by which the wings were cemented, when he fell into the Ægæan Sea.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

Stanza vi., page 160.—*Berber.*

Barbary.

Stanza vi., page 160.—*The Bird.*

The Ostrich.

Stanza viii., page 160.—*Hesperides.*

The three daughters of Hesperus, king of Africa, who owned the garden where grew the golden apples said to have been guarded by a dragon. This garden by others was supposed to be on the Tangier coast. Hercules slew the dragon. These Isles are supposed to be the Cape de Verde islands, and were also formerly called the Gorgonas, or Gorgadas, or Dorcadas.

Stanza xi., page 161.—*Gorgons.*

Daughters of Phorcys and Ceto—they were Stheno, Euryale and Medusa, and the latter is here alluded to.

Stanza xii., page 162.—*Leonine.*

Sierra-Leone.

Stanza xxviii., page 167.—*Polypheme.*

A celebrated Cyclops, son of Neptune, represented as having but one eye, to have been cruel, and a consumer of human flesh.

Stanza xlv., page 173.—*Lo! homeward comes.*

D. Francisco de Almeida first viceroy of India.

Stanza xlvi., page 173.—*Another comes.*

The shipwreck and death of Manuel de Sousa de Sepulveda and of Doña Leonor de Sá, his wife, and children, are also prophesied thus.

Stanza li., page 175.—*Adamastor.*

One of the giants who waged war with Jupiter, and were conquered and buried beneath various mountains. He was changed into the promontory of the Cape of Good Hope.

Stanza li., page 175.—*Ægeon.*

Son of the Heaven and of the Earth, represented to have had one hundred hands.

Stanza li., page 175.—*Enceladon.*

One of the giants, son of the Earth and Titan. He was the most powerful of all the giants who conspired against Jupiter, and was placed under Mount Etna.

Stanza lii., page 175.—*Peleus' spouse.*

Thetis.

Stanza liii., page 175.—*Doris.*

The mother of Thetis.

Stanza lxi., page 178.—*Pyrois* and *Phlegon.*

The names of two of the horses of the Sun.

Stanza lxiii., page 179.—*Tityrus.*

The shepherd celebrated by Virgil.

Stanza lxv., page 179.—*The isle.*

The island of Da Cruz, discovered by the fleet commanded by Bartolomeo Diaz, in 1487.

Stanza lxxxvi., page 186.—*Laertes' son.*

Ulysses.

Stanza lxxxviii., page 187.—*Cicons.*

A people of Thrace, conquered by Ulysses for having assisted Priam, King of Troy, against the Greeks.

Stanza lxxxix., page 187.—*Harpies.*

They were three, Ælio, Ocypete, and Celæno, daughters of Neptune and of the Earth, who had the heads of women, were winged, and had the feet of birds.

Stanza xci., page 188.—*Delian.*

Delos, one of the Cyclades, islands in the Ægæan Sea, where Latona gave birth to Apollo and Diana. It then became stationary, having previously been a wanderer floating on the sea.

Stanza xci., page 188.—*Lampecia.*

Sister of Phaëton, and on his death changed into a poplar.

Stanza xcv., page 189.—*Fulvia.*

Fulvia, wife of Marc Antony, deserted by him for Glaphyra, daughter of Archelaus, a high priest of Cappadocia. She was celebrated for her beauty.

THE END.

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